

# Improvement Era

VOL. 24 No. 9

JULY, 1921



ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD  
QUORUMS, THE YOUNG MEN'S  
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT  
ASSOCIATIONS, AND THE  
SCHOOLS OF THE CHURCH  
OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER  
DAY SAINTS



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## Our Flag

Flag of the morning's Coronal,  
Thou of Columbia's votive shrine,  
Flag of the primal summit born,  
Lift thou our hope with thine,  
High on the aspen wind,  
Minstrel the theme with our psalm beset,  
Thy pulsing ripple, the flageolet  
That breathes the blest compline.

Flag of the seared and pageful years,  
Flaming thou in the newer dawn;  
Architrave of the Unseen Hand,  
Sift thou thy star-dials on;  
Epochs and eras gone  
Have chrismed thee with the prayers of men,  
And hero-hearts have renewed again  
Thy pageant millions strong.

Flag of unsullied deeds and days,  
Of martyr's clasp caressed and wrung,  
Beatified by hands that clung  
Thy flexible bars among;  
Thy sheen, thus trophy-hung,  
Shines out with more than fortress spire,  
Or chaplet wreath or council pyre,  
Or spoils of conquest won.

Flag unfurled on the highest mount,  
That the lowest vale shall have Liberty,  
Ensign flung to the horizon,  
That the basest serf shall see  
And chortle to be free—  
O thou Supreme o'er worlds afar,  
'Tis Thou who flames her topmost star  
That anchors us to Thee.

*Mesa, Arizona*

*Bertha A. Kleinman*





Photo by D. C. Retsloff, San Diego, Cal.

*CORNERS IN THE SIERRA NEVADAS ABOVE LAKE TAHOE*

*Lake Tahoe is situated in the midst of scenery of marvelous beauty and grandeur, covers an area of 22 miles in length by 10 miles in width, and is on the boundaries of four counties—two in California and two in Nevada.*

# IMPROVEMENT ERA

Vol. XXIV

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## "Hui Tau"

*By David O. McKay, of the Council of the Twelve*

Oberammergau has its Passion Play; Salt Lake City, its great annual and its semi-annual conference; and New Zealand, its "Hui Tau." The first has awakened international interest; the second, inter-state; and the third, only inter-conference; yet in proportion to the people participating, the third serves a purpose of sufficient importance to give it rank among the significant gatherings of the world.

The "Hui Tau" is the annual conference of the members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in the Colony of New Zealand. Unlike the other two notable gatherings named, it is not held successively at the same place; but before the close of each conference, the district chosen for the succeeding one is named; thus giving the people so favored one year in which to prepare for this important event.

Members and non-members co-operate in this preparation; for it is a recognized fact that the district in which the "Hui Tau" is held must bear most of the expense. Suitable grounds must be supplied; outbuildings erected; accommodations for a thousand visitors or more provided; and a sufficient number of women and girls found who will cook, wash dishes, and serve at tables where hungry hundreds will sit three times a day during the entire conference. Besides all this, a considerable sum of money must be forthcoming as well. Judging from the eagerness shown by residents of different cities to secure the favored decision, these conditions are met without much difficulty.

### *A Tented Field*

At 3:30 p. m., Friday, April 22, 1921, President Hugh J. Cannon and I had our first introduction to a "Hui Tau." In

company with President George S. Taylor, who, with several of his associates, had welcomed us at Wellington, a number of elders, and about eighty Maoris, we had alighted from the train at Huntly station, and were driven immediately by auto across the Waikato river to a little settlement "in the heart of Maoriland." As we neared our destination, we beheld, in an open field, on our right, two large tents, and a number of smaller ones, nestling around them. The same scene at home would



*"Mormons" leaving Huntly, Hui Tau, 1921*

have been proof sufficient that a three-ringed circus had come to town. And, truly, the tents seemed sufficiently large to house the entire menagerie and army of actors and acrobats that go with this world-wide form of entertainment.

Hundreds of people were already assembled in the open space between us and the two largest tents; and what we saw and participated in during the next two hours contributed to make that day one of the most unique and interesting of this extensive tour.

Sister Taylor, Miss Miriam, and others from the Mission House, had joined us. Brother Sid Christy had come bounding to extend greetings, and, fortunately for us, put us at our ease by timely suggestions and explanations. As our party began to walk slowly toward the assembled multitude, our ears were greeted by a shrill cry from a score of women's voices: "Haere Mai! Haere Mai!" and other terms of welcome, accompanied by such wild gesticulations, jumping, dancing, and grimacing that, had it not been for the assurances of Brother Christy, I should have thought we were about to be attacked instead of welcomed.

This welcome cry was followed by the "Haka" or war dance by a dozen men or more in front of the crowd, urged enticingly on by the dancing of two women, one at each end of the row

of warriors. How they wriggled and writhed, rolled their eyes until only the whites were visible, lolled their tongues and made unsightly grimaces! I was fascinated; and yet worried because surely some acknowledgment must be made of this most demonstrative welcome.



*A Maori Haka*

However, when within a hundred yards of the dancing group, we were told to stand still. The representative of the "king" of the district, an uncle, we were informed, stepped forward, and flourishing a cane (*mere*) in his hand, and walking briskly forward and back, delivered an impassioned address of welcome. He was followed by the next man in rank, and he by several others, each expressing his joy and gratitude for the visit of those who had traveled so far to meet them.

At this point we should have replied in true Maori fashion; but as the crowd were waiting to shake our hands, it was suggested by our hosts that they would "accept a 'Hongi' as a gracious reply." And so, beginning with the woman on our left, we clasped hands and pressed noses with the entire assembly!

Even during that first experience we learned that the "Hongi" varies in a degree and intensity as does our kiss, though perhaps not with the same significance.

As we took our places in the seats provided for us, we saw entering the grounds a group of visiting Maoris.

"Haere Mai! Haere Mai!" again cried the women! And again the gesticulating, dancing, and speech making.

Then we saw the reciprocal performance. At the conclu-



sion of the addresses as mentioned above, both sides remained silent, and all heads were bowed. Soon we heard moans, and we noticed that men and women were crying. It was not make-believe, either, for tears were flowing. This was the "Tangi" part of the welcome. They were expressing sympathy for those who had lost loved ones during the past year. Following this, the leading man among the visitors, flourishing his cane, responded to the welcome, and told why they had come. He was followed by others, and then the group retired to give place for other groups to follow. Thus the home people welcomed the visitors all through the day!

### *Order and Discipline*

The next morning, we received evidence, and each succeeding day confirmation, that the "Hui Tau" is a well disciplined organization. Every person on the grounds was expected to respond with promptness and dispatch to the following signals:

At 6:15 a. m. a clanging bell drove Morpheus to his sunless cave and bade his subjects get up!

At 7 a. m. it called to "Karakia," or morning service; at 8 a. m. to "Kai," (breakfast); at 10 a. m. to "Karakia," or first session of conference; 1 p. m. to "Kai," (lunch); 2 p. m. to "Karakia," second session of conference; 5 p. m. to "Kai," (dinner); 6:30 p. m. to "Karakia," evening service; 7 p. m. to "Karakia," evening session of conference.

### *"Rongo Poi," or Scripture Service*

Twice a day as intimated above, everybody excepting the women folk preparing the breakfast, assembled in the large tent and participated in devotional service, consisting of (1) singing, (2) prayer, (3) repeating in concert passages of scripture; and (4) questions and discussion. The quotations were selected from the *Ready References*, and chanted in unison. It was significant that only the older Maoris participated in this memory work, the younger ones who joined them read from the book. This is explained by the fact that when the gospel first came among the Maoris, very few could read, so they memorized what was taught them. The chant or song was given as an aid to memory. There were those present who can repeat every passage in the *Ready References*, under its appropriate subject. The meaning of the passages was made clear, and their applicability to the Latter-day work shown during the discussion that followed. It was plainly evident that *the Maoris had assembled to learn more of the gospel of Christ, and not merely to be entertained.*



"Kai"

Following the service, as many as could be seated at the first tables, answered the call to "Kai." Under a canopy, fully as large as that in which services were held, were arranged eight long tables each with a seating capacity of forty persons. Four well organized and thoroughly disciplined corps of women and girls furnished these tables and served the guests, each group taking charge of eighty people at every sitting.

Each group, too, had its own boiler for cooking, its own tanks for dish washing, and its own cupboards for the dishes, and every plate, cup and saucer, knife, fork and spoon was accounted for.

Boiled meat, potatoes, spinach, bread, butter, jam, and cheese, made the principal eatables; but cake, watermelons, and other fruit and delicacies were also served. Some of the meat and potatoes were prepared in the "Hangi," that is, cooked in a pit in the good old Maori fashion, except that chains were heated instead of rocks. And we must admit that meat thus cooked is far more tender and delicious than that boiled in the more modern manner.

As the women peeled the potatoes, it seemed by the ton, or washed the dishes, literally by the hundred, they worked in unison to the rhythm of some song, hummed as gleefully as though they were having a Jubilee. Sometimes the young girls



*A section of the large tent that served as a combination auditorium and community bedroom, Hui Tau, April, 1921*

having "finished the dishes" would wind up with a touch of the "Kopi Kopi" or "Hulu Hulu."

How efficient this organization and how effectively it worked may be partly realized when I tell you that during the four and one half days of the "Hui Tau" approximately 10,000 meals were served! And that, too, without any apparent extraordinary effort!

### *Sleeping Accommodations*

Some of the best homes in the district were given over entirely to the accommodation of the visitors, Elder Cannon and I each having a room and a bed as comfortable as one could wish. The fifty elders, however, did not fare so well. They slept on mats laid on straw on the floor of the Church. It was truly a community bedroom!

But the greatest and most interesting sleeping apartment was the large assembly tent. Every four feet around its entire circumference constituted a bed room; and a similar double tier extended from the speaker's stand down the middle to the opposite end. Thus feet to feet hundreds of heads pointed toward the outside and hundreds of others toward the middle of the tent a passage way being left open all around this combination bed room and assembly hall; beds remained intact, and were sat upon or reclined upon during each service.

For the convenience of those people who like to sleep in Church, I recommend this combination scheme most highly.

### *Entertainments*

While the religious purpose of the "Hui Tau" is evident on every hand, and gospel conversations and discussions are carried on with almost every group between meetings, there is no dearth of amusement and legitimate entertainment. Chief among these I think I shall name the "Poi Dance" as given on two different occasions by fifteen young Maori maidens dressed in native costume. Combining as it does, rhythm, beauty, grace and skill, the "Poi Dance" easily ranks among the most beautiful dances in the world. I have never seen any that excel it.

If the "Poi" is the most beautiful, the "Haka" is the most thrilling! After seeing this native war dance, one can readily understand how the ancient warriors, aroused to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, if not frenzy, rushed so madly into battle, or stormed with bare hands and naked bodies almost impregnable "pas!"

We were given a glimpse, too, of the "Koro Piho Pi" or "hula hula," but one of the native brethren suggested that they

"go slow on that;" and a "hint to the wise" was in this case "sufficient."

### *The Committee*

Too much credit cannot be given to the "Hui Tau" committee, composed of all native men, who have so successfully managed these "Hui Taus" for many years. Brother William Duncan is chairman, and a more able, loyal Church worker than he is seldom found anywhere in the world! He is a man among men, a worthy example of what "Mormonism" will do for those who will accept it and live it. He has been ably assisted by four others, equally worthy of commendation and esteem.



*A group of Maori stalwarts, Hui Tau, April 23-26, 1921*

This year, the committee was enlarged by the addition of more members.

Though each annual gathering costs between \$2,500 and \$3,000, the committee is free from debt and has a fair balance in the bank. Besides this, they have accumulated considerable property, such as tents, a dynamo, electrical appliances, stoves, etc., etc.

Electric lights illuminated the grounds and tents to the entire convenience and delight of all.

### *Inspirational Services*

But the things mentioned above are only adjuncts to the principal features of this notable gathering! The glory of the "Hui Tau" is seen and felt in the twelve or fourteen worshipping



assemblies, which, during the one recently held, culminated Tuesday forenoon in a wonderfully inspirational priesthood meeting. The earnestness, faith and devotion of the audience; the manifestation of the inspiration of the Lord upon the speakers, native as well as European, the excellent music, and the confidence, sympathy, and brotherly love that flowed from soul to soul, all combined to make every service a supreme joy.



*Sisters and Elders, Hui Tau, 1921*

Not the least remarkable feature of this memorable event was the skill, the intelligence, the accuracy, and the inspiration with which Elder Stewart Meha interpreted the addresses of the visiting brethren. His interpretation was simply marvelous! Truly he was remarkably blessed.

The spirit, intelligence, and earnestness of the three score elders and lady missionaries were distinct contributions to the success of each session. No more devoted, self-sacrificing men and women can be found anywhere in the world. I could not help but think how proud and happy the parents and wives of those young men would be if they could have seen these missionaries in the glory of their work as we met them!

And what an uplifting influence these combined experiences have upon the people! Surely, if the New Zealand Government even but dimly realized the effectiveness of "Mormonism" in making not only good colonial citizens, but worthy citizens of the Kingdom of God, it would knock down the walls of prejudice that now bar the way to the preaching of the gospel, and lend every assistance possible to the promulgating of this greatest of all regenerating forces in the world today!

But none are so blind as they who will not see!

Success and long life to the "Hui Tau!" May each succeeding one be more successful than the last! May its influence extend until it becomes a power not only to cement the

love and increase the faith of Church members, as it does even now, but also to break down the barriers erected by the ignorant and vicious to impede the progress of the Church of Christ.

Our tour of inspections of missions has been replete with many wonderfully interesting and inspirational experiences; but to date, there are four which stand out like brilliant gems in a coronet, and not the least of these is the "Hui Tau" in Maori-land. Brother Cannon joins in love to all our friends.

*Enroute to Tonga, May 4, 1921*

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## I'd Like To

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I'd like to get acquainted  
 With the ones I know the best.  
 I'd like to have a day at home  
 To visit and to rest.  
 I'd like to have a little time  
 Aside from all this rush  
 To mend a kiddie's broken top  
 Or listen to a thrush.

I'd like to hear my baby say  
 The new words he has learned.  
 I'd like to see how bread is made  
 And watch the butter churned.  
 I'd like to go out riding  
 On a mule that's awful slow,  
 And take my boys along with me  
 Whichever way I go.

I'd like to get away from grouch,  
 From grasping, graft and greed;  
 I'd like to live a simple life  
 With just the things I need.  
 I'd like to quite forget about  
 Our prices, bonds and bids,  
 I'd like to get acquainted with  
 My wife and little kids.

*Agnes Just Reid*

*Shelley, Idaho.*

# Glimpses of Pioneer Life

By Professor N. L. Nelson

Lay down your novel, good friend, with its stock heroes and general halo of unreality, and take up the *Memoirs of John R. Young*, Pioneer of Forty-seven.

When the spirit of this pioneer left pre-existence, his friends very likely prophesied that he would be a poet, a historian, a writer of delightful essays "down there." But he was born in Nauvoo, and his memory had just begun recording, when troubles began for that ill-fated city.

"My earliest recollection," he writes, "is of suffering with the chills. How cold I would be! We must have been poor, for the food did not suit me. It rained so much, I had to stay indoors, though I cried to go out.

"One day father took me for a walk, to give me air and sunshine. We met Joseph and Hyrum Smith, and Sidney Rigdon. Father shook hands warmly with Joseph and Hyrum, but merely bowed to Brother Rigdon. Joseph inquired if I was the child father had asked the elders to pray for. Being answered in the affirmative, the prophet removed my hat, ran his fingers through my curly locks, and said:

"'Brother Lorenzo, this boy will live to aid in carrying the gospel to the nations of the earth?'"

In such fashion was the earthly career of this bright spirit changed from writer to preacher. "His words thrilled me like fire; and from that hour I looked forward to the day when I should become a missionary as before intimated."

Elder Young's life was cast in an epoch of suffering and doing, not in one of thinking, dreaming, and word-weaving: a strenuous, self sacrificing, self-obliterating epoch in which men willingly lost all in order that they might find all.

But in the pauses of this spirit-testing pilgrimage as pioneer, preacher, path-finder, frontiersman, missionary in the old world, and on the islands of the sea; during half hours, say, on a boulder by the wayside, looking at God's great pictures, or on the sea shore listening to Nature's organ tones, the temperament seasoned in that other life overflowed in verse, anecdote, or poetic description, and always in word or phrase betokening instinctive literary judgment.



Take, for instance, this memory picture recorded "through the eyes of a boy of nine:"

"It is the month of February, 1846. The sun is shining brightly, yet the air is keen and cutting. The wheels ring as we drive over the frozen snow. In our home since early morning, all has been hurry and bustle; two wagons stand in our front yard, and my father with two other men, strangers to me, are carrying out our household goods. My mother looks pale, and when I ask her what is the matter, she takes me in her arms, kisses me, and says, 'We are going to leave our home, and will never see it again!'

"Just then some other teams come along, and one of the brethren calls to my father to be sure to put out the fire, and to hurry up for it is getting late. In a few minutes mother and the children are lifted tenderly into the wagon. Father next takes his place on the front seat, turns his face to the west, and his back upon the home which it had taken seven years of sacrifice and toil to build.

"At the river are three flat boats or scows. Here and there on the bank stand pale-faced mothers cuddling their little ones, while husbands and fathers quietly, yet resolutely, roll the wagons on to the boats, then with long poles, push from the shore out upon the bosom of the mighty river. No farewells are uttered, no words spoken. Each man knows his duty, and performs it energetically; for they are not hirelings, these men of stout hearts and muscular arms. Nor is it a light task to guide those unwieldy scows through drifting ice across that mile-wide river."

The first camp of the exiles was only nine miles from Nauvoo. The snow had to be shoveled away to make room for tents and wagon-cover tepees. Within a week fourteen inches more snow fell, and the cold wave following froze the ice on the Mississippi thick enough for wagons to cross. Here in the groves surrounding Sugar Creek, five thousand unhappy refugees shivered beneath these rude shelters; and under these distressing circumstances, nine children were born in a single night.

This is how the heart of the gifted boy was touched by these scenes of suffering. The passage is a good illustration of the verses scattered throughout this interesting volume:

"God pity the exiles, when storms come down,  
When snow-laden clouds hang low on the ground,  
When the chill blast of winter; with frost on its breast,  
Sweeps through the tents like the angel of death!  
When the sharp cry of child-birth is heard on the air,  
And the voice of the father breaks down in his prayer,  
As he pleads with Jehovah his loved ones to spare."

The camp at Sugar Creek was so near the deserted city that on clear days the exiles, by climbing a neighboring hill could see their late beloved homes and hear the subdued tones of the temple bell. From the anguish renewed daily by these reminders, President Young resolved to rescue the people by ordering a break-up of this first camp on March 1, only two weeks after they left Nauvoo. But the spring rains made the roads all but impassable, and "beat through the wagon covers wetting and chilling the sick and feeble. These conditions," says Elder Young, "gave rise to acts of heroism as noble as were ever recorded."

As an illustration he tells the pathetic story representing the sacrifice of Orson Spencer, college graduate and late popular minister of the Baptist Church in Boston, who had recently accepted the teachings of Joseph Smith.

"Before doing so, however, he and his highly educated young wife counted the costs and laid their hearts upon the altar! How few realize what it involved to become a 'Mormon' in those early days. Home, friends, occupation, popularity, all that makes life pleasant, were gone. Almost overnight they became strangers to their own kindred.

"After leaving Nauvoo, his wife, ever frail and delicate, sank rapidly under the accumulating hardships. The sorrowing husband wrote imploringly to the wife's parents, asking them to receive her into their home until the Saints should find an abiding place. The answer came, 'Let her renounce her degrading faith and she can come back, but never until she does.'

"When the letter was read to her, she asked her husband to turn to the Book of Ruth, first chapter, sixteenth and seventeenth verses: 'Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee, for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God, my God.'

"Not a murmur escaped her lips. The storm was severe and the wagon covers leaked. Friends held milk pails over her bed to keep her dry. In those conditions, in peace and without apparent suffering, the gentle spirit took its flight, and her body was consigned to a grave by the way side."

These memoirs are replete with pioneer incident, anecdote and story in every vein, from humor and pathos, to faith-promoting marvel. They are told, moreover, in such simple, direct fashion, and are so soon done with, that the reader must sit back and muse awhile to get their full flavor and significance. Here is an instance:

The exiles had in due time reached Winter Quarters, which the writer characterizes as the "Valley Forge of 'Mormondom.'"

"Our home was near the burying ground, and I can remember the small, mournful-looking train that so often passed our door. I also remember how poor and same-like our habitual diet was: corn bread, salt bacon, and a little milk. Mush and bacon became so nauseating that it was like taking medicine to swallow it; and the scurvy was making such inroads amongst us that it looked as if we should all be 'sleeping on the hill' before spring, unless fresh food could be obtained.

"While we were in this condition, there happened one of those singular events which so often flit across the life of a 'Mormon.' President Brigham Young called one day at the door of our cabin, and said to my father:

"'Lorenzo, if you will hitch up your horses and go down into Missouri, the Lord will open the way, so that you can bring up a drove of hogs and give the people fresh meat, and be a blessing to you.'"

The boy had the supreme joy of going with his father on this mission. Here is how he tells the rest of the story:

"Upon arriving at St. Joseph, we put up at Polk's tavern. A 'Mormon' family by the name of Lake had left Winter Quarters in search of work. One of the daughters had found employment at Mr. Polk's. Being frequently questioned, she had told much about the suffering and present conditions of our people. She knew my father well, and joyfully recognized him.

"In the evening the bar room was full of gentlemen all eager to learn the news, and for two hours they listened almost breathless to father's talk. The next day parties approached father and offered to load him with merchandise. This he declined; but he secured the loan of one thousand dollars—I believe from a Jewish merchant—and wasted no time in getting down to business.

"The first move was to buy a 40-acre field of unharvested corn. He paid four dollars an acre for the corn as it stood in the field. It was estimated to average sixty bushels to the acre. The best corn was gathered and put into bins. Heavy logs were then drawn crosswise over the field to break down the stalks. Then a notice was posted for hogs. As a rule, they came in droves of about thirty, and were bought in the bunch at seventy-five cents a head. They would weigh from one hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds each. Father returned to Winter Quarters with one thousand hogs, and in this way President Young's promise to him was realized."

Gradually as we read these memoirs, the boy himself becomes a fascinating study. "It fell to my lot," he tells us, "to cross the plains in Captain Jedediah M. Grant's company. Brother Grant was a man of wonderful energy. In fact, the



various companies which followed on the heels of the Pioneers were led by a host of stalwarts, so that in my youth I became acquainted with many solid men of Joseph's day. Foremost among them, to my mind, were Brigham Young, John Taylor, George A. Smith, Parley P. Pratt, Uncle John Smith, and Uncle John Young.

"The last named stood as a father to me; and yet, during that pilgrimage I was like a waif upon the ocean. The camp-fire was my home, and I was everybody's chore-boy. While this arrangement taught me self-reliance, it chilled my heart, and turned me against those finer, more tender endearments of life which ever abound in happy, lovable homes; and from this experience, I have learned to pity the child that grows up without a mother's care and caress.

"On reaching the valley our people at first all lived in the 'Old Fort.' Father was the first to move out. He had built a two-roomed log house on the lot where Uncle Brigham later built the Bee-Hive and Lion Houses."

Think of a man still alive and moving about among us whose boyhood was passed in a log cabin near where the Church Offices now stand! Some striking incidents of his boyhood days follow; among them the story of the seagulls. Then came at length the time to which he had looked forward since the days when the Prophet ran his fingers through the lad's curly locks and promised that he should live to carry the gospel message to the nations of the earth.

At the April conference of 1854, he was called on a mission to the Sandwich Islands. "I was then in my sixteenth year, and with my overcoat on I weighed, on Father Neff's mill scales, just ninety-six pounds! \* \* \* At Cedar City I was ordained a Seventy, and before the company started westward, Uncle Brigham, in bidding me goodby, said:

"Johnny, I will give you a little advice. Be humble. Live near the Lord. Keep yourself pure from sin. Do not tell the people that you are unlearned; it will only weaken their faith. Avoid public discussions. I have noticed that they engender feelings of bitterness and seldom do good. Never tell all that you know at once; keep back something to talk about the next time. Be careful to say nothing but what you can prove."

"President Kimball said, 'Your name is no longer Johnny, but Rooter; for you shall root up iniquity wherever you find it.' Uncle Joseph Young said, 'Be of good cheer. Great trees from little acorns grow; and you will grow to be a man yet.' My father and brother Joseph added their blessings, and with a swelling heart I turned to face the world as a 'Mormon' missionary boy."

The simple record of this mission, occupying fifty-five pages, should be an inspiration to any boy in Zion looking forward himself to this kind of service in the Lord's vineyard. It will tell him of hardships and trials endured stoically and overcome; of faith tested to the quick and vindicated; of experiences so full of the tang of life that no fiction can equal them for vividness; of dangers by sea and land, which only the daily watch care of a guardian angel could protect and rescue him from; and, through it all, the development of a fine physical manhood, and the rebirth and unfoldment of that greater spiritual man within.

Elder Young filled a subsequent mission to the Sandwich Islands, also a mission to Great Britain; and while much of the narrative of these missions is of a character to be enjoyed mainly by those who have had similar experiences, it breaks out every little while in story, anecdote, description, and poem, on topics which only the missionary, with an eye to the unique, the picturesque, and the beautiful, would see or take time to record.

During his long years in Zion, Elder Young's life was spent on the firing line of the frontier, and his book is full of the graphic happenings of field and flood. Savage Indians, deputy marshals, and of traveling, camping reunions, and business ventures. There is not a dull line in the book. Throughout its pages we have for a companion a man of keen insight, shrewd initiative, dauntless courage, and the tender sensibilities of a woman. That he is still hale and hearty bespeaks wonders for the frail boy that the prophet blessed, far back in Nauvoo. It is Elder Young's delight to travel throughout the stakes of Zion and impart the ripe wisdom and genial optimism which are the fruits of his life, and the Bishop who fails to get him for an evening with his ward is missing a privileged treat.

What is still more to the point, when stories like those he has to tell, and which he tells with such instinctive skill—nay, when a life of service such as his has been, shall cease to thrill the descendants of the Pioneers, that day will mark a decadence in our ideals; we shall have begun to lose the savor of the salt which represents the vitality of "Mormonism" in its mission for the regeneration of the world.

*Provo, Utah*

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## Training Our Future Citizens

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"Children trained to extend justice, kindness and mercy to animals become more just, kind and considerate toward each other. Character training along these lines when the children are young, will result in their being better men and women, with broader sympathies, more humane, law-abiding, and in every respect more valuable citizens."

# "One Andrew Jenson"

*By James H. Anderson*

It was in the early eighties. In those days the typesetting machine had not come into use, and a typewriter was a rarity. So, when a printer put copy into type he frequently had to do it from almost undecipherable manuscript. Having to "set" type by hand, letter by letter, he would glance at the copy, imprint a few words into his memory, then "click" the type into the "printer's stick;" his eye being the guide as he watched the "nicks" in the type to get it into place right-end or right-side up. When it was the English language that was being "set up"



OLD "DESERET NEWS" BUILDING

*Taken in 1889. On the corner of Main and South Temple streets, Salt Lake City; now the site of the Hotel Utah, where Andrew Jenson's first publications were printed.*

all went well, for the printers then in Salt Lake City were English-speaking. But when an occasional bit of foreign language came in, although using English types, there were no voluntary martyrs—just a term of "involuntary servitude," brief or extended.

I had acquired some little office "fame" as a compositor in



languages foreign, from having set type on elaborate extracts from the Book of Mormon, put into Spanish for use by the earlier "Mormon" missionaries in Mexico—a rather superior accomplishment for the "printer boys" of that time. I was but a boy in fact, having been called to the foremanship of the *Deseret News* book and job printing department when I was still under voting age.

One day, the late Thomas E. Taylor, then business manager of the *Deseret News*, came to the department and announced the intention of doing the printing of a Danish magazine for some parties who had made application, and as he understood that I



THE NEW "DESERET NEWS" BUILDING

Where Andrew Jenson's later works were printed; former site of the old Council House.

was qualified in "setting" foreign languages he had taken the contract. I was somewhat non-plussed. I had practiced with Pitman's phonography, the antique Deseret alphabet, Mexican-Spanish, and Webster's unabridged—but Danish! I knew there were in it diphthongs, diaeresis vowels, and a lot of weird letter-

combinations; but the nearest approach to Danish about me in race or mentality was the Scottish affix to my name, "son." Yet the responsibility of foreman, and my good standing as a printer, left but one course open—the work would be done. Then it was that I made the inquiry, "Who is this work for?" and received from the business manager, as he left the room, the laconic reply:

"One Andrew Jenson!"

To pass along. The work was taken. *Morgenstjernen*—the Danish *Morning Star*—and *Joseph Smith's Levnetslob*—History of Joseph Smith—went regularly in the following years to the Scandinavian Saints. The typesetters thereon included Bishop Joseph S. Tingey of Farmer's ward, Granite stake (now and for many years past foreman of the *Deseret News* book and job department, where the work was done), and that other trustworthy citizen and printer, Hugo D. E. Peterson (who came later, and during recent years is in charge of the Scandinavian journal, *Utah Posten*). In time, the Danish work was supplanted by Andrew Jenson's publications in English—the *Historical Record*, *Biographical Encyclopedia*, etc.



Andrew Jenson, in recent years

But to the object of this preliminary. He spoke broken English—in fact shattered English. It was not easy to understand him. One thing which gave material aid was that his efforts were in absolutely grammatical English. A remarkable feature about him was his wonderful precision, accompanied by an insistent pertinacity. He must be accurate in his dates and his statement of historical facts. Often we would help him out by furnishing him required data; at other times we would seek to "tease" by questioning some particular date, and he would dig, dig, dig, until there could be no question as to the certainty of his conclusion.

Year in, year out, he kept at the work, often under gravely discouraging conditions; and at length developed into a clear, forceful speaker, rather rapid, but with good, well-enunciated

English, and always interesting; in his writings he had one notable end in view—that his data must be given correctly. This latter is the great asset of the real historian. History may not be rhetoric; rhetoric alone is not history. But Andrew Jenson's data and publications are history; they are as near accurate in statement of time, place and event, as human care and inquiry can make them. No man has done more—if any has done so much—in the cause of abundant and correct data for the Church records. He has traveled around the world, practically to every branch of the Church, in his duties as an Assistant Church Historian, and the same characteristic has attended all his efforts. It is not within the ability of man to measure, now, the full value of his contribution to this and the coming generations in the Church; but his example of aiming at accuracy in statements of history is one of the best that the youth of Zion can follow. It makes them feel safe, and gives to others confidence in their integrity, and purpose, and truthfulness; and Andrew Jenson's books are reliable works of reference in Church and individual history.

That is the lesson of this writing—his accuracy, and certainty. It was called forth by a recent incident. A young man, an energetic M. I. A. worker, had been assigned a subject to look up. He came to the writer, said he had searched and inquired everywhere that he knew of for the necessary information, without success, and could I help him? I thought so. In my library was a book, the cover loose by frequent handling and poor binding. On its back was the inscription, *Historical Record*, Vols. 5, 6, 7, 8. The desired article was turned to, and on reading it the young man exclaimed, as others had done before respecting other articles, "That is just what I want, and as I want it." He looked at the volume, now over thirty years old, and asked, "Who wrote this book?" Memory flashed back over the intervening years to the scene in the old *Deseret News* printing office, as I made reply:

"One Andrew Jenson!"

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## Today is Mine

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You have asked to know life's sequel then, dear friend,  
You would tear the veil apart, and find the end.

In this surge of endless strife,  
In this plan that we call life,  
I have found that smiles, with heartaches often blend.

In my search for understanding, many weary years I've spent,  
I have suffered bitter anguish never knowing what it meant.

Now I've ceased to question Fate,  
And for tomorrow do not wait,  
For I know today is mine, and am content.

Bear River City, Utah

Orelia May Hanson



# Threads

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*By O. S. Johnson*

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I became acquainted with Jimmy, it matters not how, one summer while I was experimenting in a boiler shop. He was a slow little fellow, wrinkled and white-haired. Almost he seemed to have become a part of the machine he attended to.

It was one of those bolt threaders. I suppose Jimmy got the job because of faithful service. Sometimes I have even wondered if the company did not install that particular machine in order that Jimmy might have work. He had been with them for thirty years before I knew him, and certainly in that time he must have done great service.

Everyone felt kindly toward him, and if there seemed to be anything wrong with him, there were always some who were ready to help. One afternoon, in particular, I recall, when the clanging machinery had softened its tones enough to be heard if one used all one's vocal powers, he was seated idly at his machine awaiting the arrival of some bolts to be threaded, when two men, not as old as he, noticed him.

They walked over to his machine, accosted him several times, and, failing to receive a response, passed on. Fearing that something was not right, I threaded my way through a mass of scrap iron, half finished boilers, and such, and touched him on the shoulder.

He turned such a woeful gaze upon me that I at first feared for his reason. "What's wrong, Jimmy boy? You seem to have about gone as far as your joys reach."

"It's twenty years since I first started to try to get away, and it looks as if it would be twenty more before I get away, and by that time it won't be to the place where I wanted to go."

I had never heard so much longing put into common place words before, and I wondered where he had wanted to go. Afterwards I knew, of course. He was not the kind to wear his life away in a steel workshop for a few dollars. But then I did not know Jimmy as he had been, only as he was.

After work that night, I followed Jimmy out to the street car. In his hand he carried a small bundle wrapped in a newspaper. It never occurred to me that he had eaten no lunch, but it did occur to his two helpers. They had been his helpers for

five years, however, and were better able to judge of what he carried home in a newspaper.

"Jimmy don't eat his lunch any more. He carries it back home with him. He used not to have enough, so he said."

"Perhaps it's the noise. But then he never used to notice the noise at all. It must be that something has happened that he don't like to think about."

After listening to those views, I, of course, formed some of my own. But Jimmy must be made to eat his lunch. Already I could see that he was getting thinner than when I first saw him. Vaguely I wondered if he were afraid that he would have to starve a little now in order that he might get away later. But feeling that he was not that kind, I put those thoughts away. Or, rather, I tried to put Jimmy out of mind entirely. He was nothing to me, except an old man with white hair, and a little wrinkled face. And yet, the next morning when I reached my machine, there was Jimmy, wrinkled and thin and old as he had always been.

I watched him that day, and knew at night that he had eaten nothing for lunch. And the following morning I greeted him as usual and lingered near his machine until the whistle blew.

"Why don't you eat your lunch, Jimmy boy? I noticed yesterday that you got a little shaky before quitting time, and the lunch you brought with you in the morning, was yet unopened at night."

He looked startled for a moment, and then almost smiled. Still it was not near enough to make sure whether or not it was intended for a smile or just an interested look.

"Why, I didn't suppose any one was noticing. It really is only an idea of mine."

"But what sort of ideas do you find that urge you not to eat? Don't you know that people live in order to satisfy longings to eat, drink and be merry? Ask anyone they will tell you it's so."

"But it is only their ideas of being satisfied. No one ever is supposed to become satisfied, but everyone ought to think that he is going to be, some time, and when one has enough to eat and drink, it only follows that he must be merry. People really only get satisfaction when they eat, and satisfaction makes them happy.

"Now if I were to feel that I wouldn't have to get up at seven o'clock every morning, go to a shop that makes one stuff his ears with cotton in order that they might be of service to him after he leaves; and, above all, if I could only feel that I could do something useful, I could then hope some day to be

satisfied. As it is, well, I feel that the quicker it's over with, the quicker I'll be able to get away."

The whistle blew, and despondently he turned to work. Beside him was a great pile of short steel rods of all sizes that were to be threaded. What a monotony he had. I had never thought of it before, but he was almost threaded himself. Threads, threads, threads; millions of them he had made, and yet he wanted to do something useful. Did he know that those threads were some of the most useful things that were made? It was likely he did, for he knew his business thoroughly. And yet he wanted to be useful.

Again at night I noted the unopened lunch, and made it a point to sit beside him on the car. Significantly I tapped the package at his side. He looked up and smiled wanly.

"I couldn't bring myself to do it. I started to untie the string but I couldn't do it. It means too much to me. That lunch costs twenty-five cents, and that much saved every day for a month means seven dollars and fifty cents, and for a year it means almost a hundred dollars. With a hundred dollars I could almost break away."

"I'll loan you that much and more, if that's all you need."

"It wouldn't do at all. I would only feel that I ought to stay until I had paid it back, and then there's Nina."

He noted my quick glance of interrogation, and hastened to explain that Nina was his only daughter.

"But, my dear man, if you have the lunch put up, it is wasted if not eaten. Of what possible use can it be to you after it has become hard and dry? Surely you don't mean to say that you have only that little bit of dried up stuff for your supper."

"No, but you don't know Nina. She is a lovely girl, but so shiftless that she never notices, and I have carried that little lunch for three whole weeks already. I suppose it will do for a few more."

I had my opinion of a daughter that was so careless of her father's comfort that she did not even so much as know whether or not he had any luncheon. And then I wondered what she was doing all this time. I knew his salary was very small, barely enough to pay rent and buy a little to eat and wear, but she must do something.

"Isn't Nina working?"

"What! Oh yes, yes. That is, she is trying to work. She's a writer, and, of course, she feels that she needs a lot of time in order to think."

"I'll warrant that she has the writer's cramp most of the time, too, and you have to relieve it."

"She never complains of anything but lack of money."

"That's what I thought. Want of money is writer's cramp." He puzzled for a minute and then smiled more broadly than I had seen him smile since my arrival. I thought for a moment that he was going to laugh. But he did not.

"That's about right, I think. She is sure in that condition most of the time. I think if it were not a writer's cramp there might be some hope. But I have found that cramp to be incurable."

"Can you not keep your money in a savings bank for a few months and let the cramp cure its own self?"

"You don't know her. She asks for my check just like a little child asks for a drink of water. So innocently, and expectantly that I can't keep it back. She always gives me a quarter each morning for my lunch. I have it put up at a cafe. That's another reason why she never knows whether or not I've eaten it."

I almost wished I were one of the editors that Nina spent good money to buy stamps for, I would have offered her a little hint that would have put an end to such nonsense.

I think that as long as I live, there will be a burning spot in my memory at the point that was out, the day after I had learned that Jimmy had a daughter. The man in the cage that traveled from one end of the shop to the other end, or stopped in between, according to where help was needed with the heavy stuff, was doing something he thought was attractive, when he slipped and fell, right into the middle of Jimmy's threading machine.

Immediately blood was mixed with oil, and a hole showed too plainly in the man's head. Jimmy fainted. I put him where he would be out of the way, if he came to, within the next few minutes, and turned my attention to the cageman. He was dead. One of Jimmy's bolts that he had been guiding through the threader had proven too hard a pillow for his head, especially as it was sticking up endways, and there was an inch hole through the crown. No wonder Jimmy had fainted. It made all of them sick who looked closely.

When I returned to Jimmy he was conscious, but so weak that he could not sit up. He shook as if in great fear. Even his voice was beyond his control and only quivered and creaked when he tried to talk. Calmly I bade him to be quiet, and made him a bed from a quantity of straw and coats.

As I watched him for a few minutes while waiting for the ambulance, I noted closely his little wrinkled face. It needs no description as anyone can picture it for himself. But it was threaded with many care-threads, even as the belts were threaded after he had put them through his machine.



It was a nervous break down, the doctors said, and when I knew that he would be no more at the shop for a while, I waited to see that he was cared for.

No one had thought of his daughter, until he made me understand that she should be told. And when she came, she brought such a smile of pleasure to his face that I knew that she was at least a good tonic, and such a girl could not be all bad.

She barely nodded to me as she had passed in, but I noted that she was pretty, and had an air of knowing what she was about. And then when I saw the threaded face close to the one so smooth and fair, I left them.

I called at the hospital next day, with the offer of the company to meet all expenses, for the boys at the shop were loyal fellows, and had insisted that if the company would not give Jimmy all the comforts that he could stand, they would. I presented the case to the manager and he was quick to send me to see that Jimmy was well cared for until he was ready to return to work. Nina must have suspected that it was me who helped a great deal, for she met me at the door of Jimmie's room, with a smile.

"It's so very kind of you, but we don't need it. Daddy thinks it best to start right off being independent, and we have an excellent chance here. I am going to begin my training for work as a nurse, and while I shall draw no salary for some time, I will get my board and room, and Daddy is to have the care of the lawns and gardens as soon as he can get around.

"They know he will do it, so they are letting him stay here free until he gets well and ready to start work. And Daddy, well I'll leave you to find out what he thinks of the plan," and she left the room.

He smiled contentedly as I turned to him, and looked almost happy. "Well, Jimmy boy, I hope you are going to get right up and come to see us soon."

"Yes, I'll be up, but I don't want to go back there any more, not even to see my old friends. Tell them that I invite them all to come to see me as often as they have time. But for me to go back to that place!" He shuddered. "Well I just can't bring myself to go there. Men are always losing fingers, ears, eyes, noses or even lives, and I can't bear such sights.

"I want to make things pleasant for people, and that's the chance I have now. The cramp is cured, and Nina thinks our future the brightest one in the world, and so do I."

The threader is operated by one of Jimmie's old helpers now; and he, too, is getting threads. Threads, threads, threads; people must have threads, and even threads have a price.

*Granger, Utah, R. D. Box 120*

# An Episode of the Plains

## *A Thrilling Experience of Pioneer Life*

*By John R. Young, a Pioneer of 1847, author of "Memoirs of John R. Young"*

In 1862, I was living in southern Utah. It was believed the "Mormon" immigration would be unusually heavy that year, hence great exertions were put forth by the people to bring the season's gathering to a successful termination; co-operation was the power that, under the wise guidance of Brigham Young, made it possible to build up a prosperous commonwealth in the isolated desert. Teams were raised in all parts of the territory and organized into companies of 50 wagons each, four yoke of cattle to each wagon. These, under the care of an experienced man, were sent to the Missouri river—1400 miles—to haul back the luggage of the emigrants; the people were required to walk. Rules of government were established in each camp, and firmly carried out; no swearing was allowed.

All assembled for prayers at the call of the chaplain, morning and night; at 9 o'clock all retired to rest; and at 5 o'clock all arose. These camps were practical training schools of great value. It fell to my lot to drive a team in Captain John R. Murdock's train. Upon arriving at Omaha I was selected to take charge of an independent company, people who had means to emigrate themselves to Utah. On the 8th of August, I commenced the task, (mission we called it, for we all served without pay) of leading these people, who were Danes, from Omaha to Salt Lake City. When it is remembered that these people spoke a language that I did not understand, that they were not accustomed to driving teams, that I had to teach them even how to yoke their cattle and hitch them to their wagons, it will be easy to imagine the magnitude of the task I had undertaken to perform.

For the first week we only made from five to ten miles a day, but at the end of two weeks we could make twenty-five. At Wood River Centre, the western line of civilization and the last telegraph station I received a dispatch from our immigration agent telling me that the Sioux were on the war path, and I must be careful, and watchful, or they would run off our stock. And as a word of encouragement, he added that Captain P— would overtake me in a few days, and would give me four mounted Utah men to aid me as scouts and night-guards. Thus

cheered I pushed boldly out into the hunting grounds of the Sioux; but day after day passed and Captain P—— did not overtake me. At last I reached Ash Hollow where there was a stockade and five Utah men guarding supplies left by down-going trains. Leaving Ash Hollow early the next morning we made a drive of 25 miles across the Big Bend of the Platte. In the evening a squad of U. S. troops camped on the opposite side of the river, and holloed across to us to look out, for the "Devil was let loose."

In the morning they were gone, and when we brought up our cattle one of our best oxen was missing. It belonged to a Swede who had a light wagon, and only one yoke of oxen. Selecting a large cow from the herd, I yoked her in and started the train in charge of the interpreter. I then circled the night herd ground; and, being a good trailer, I soon found the oxen's tracks, in the road going back, and caught him at Ash Hollow 25 miles from camp. Giving my horse a feed of grain and taking lunch with the man, I started with the ox to overtake my train. The long, weary day passed, the sun was near setting, and I had just passed the night camp-ground I had left in the morning, when a small cloud of dust coming from the foot-hills attracted my attention. Just as I was entering a deep gorge, I drove the ox into the wash, then turned back up the hill, until I could see the dust again. With the aid of my telescope I could see four Indians rapidly driving a herd of horses toward a patch of timber on the river. A careful inspection convinced me that the loose animals were American horses, and I soon recognized them as Captain P's. It now flashed through my mind why he had not overtaken me, the Indians had stolen his horses and crippled his movements.

Well, there I was twenty miles from camp, alone, with no weapon but my revolver, and almost face to face with the robbers who had stolen my friend's horses. I stood and watched until they reached the timber. Selecting a large tree for a camping place, they threw down their traps, and three of them bunched the horses while the fourth caught and hobbled them. Then they cut poles and started down the river evidently to catch fish for their supper. I saw that the aroya that I was in emptied into the river near their camp, and knowing that the moon would not rise until a few minutes after dark, I instantly formed a plan, and went to work to put it into execution. I was adverse to shedding blood, having always been taught to avoid it, except in self-defense. I resolved to start the horses, and, then if followed I would fight. Leaving the ox I moved cautiously down the ravine, and reached the mouth of it just as the gloom of night settled over the plain. The Indians had returned

and built a large fire, one of them walked out and bunched the horses; and their movements attracted the attention of my mare; she threw up her head and started to neigh. I gave the bit a jerk in time to check her; but the movement slight as it was, showed me how dangerous was the enterprise I had undertaken. The Indian soon returned to camp and threw some more wood on the fire, which in the still night flamed high in the air, rendering objects visible for some distance round and greatly assisted my movements. I felt that now was my time to act. Approaching carefully the outer circle of horses, and dropping my bridle rein, I moved quietly from horse to horse cutting their hobbles; then, regaining my own horse, moved the band slowly until they found they were unfettered, when I leaped into my saddle and started them on a run. The wild yell that rang out on the night air curdled my blood and made my hair stand on end, and for a moment I was quite unnerved, but soon recovered and lashed the horses at a wild rate across the plain.

By the time I reached the ox, the moon had risen, and it seemed as light as day. I drove the horses and ox across the gully, and then wheeled back and stood in the darkness at the bottom of it waiting for my pursuers. Soon the pattering of feet reached my ears, and holding my breath until two dark forms came into view, I opened fire. The quick somersault, and rapid retreat, convinced me that Mr. Indian had been twice surprised by the white man. Emptying my revolver to give the idea that there were several of us I sent the stock hurrying toward my camp. The road was tolerably straight and free from hills, and hollows, so I was not much afraid of being ambushed, yet was keenly alert. The fluttering of a bird, or starting of a hare would startle me.

But, as several hours passed without interruption, I concluded that my shots had taken effect, at least so far as to discourage the Indians from following me. But I was suddenly aroused from this feeling of security by another danger I had not counted on. It was the low, distant howl of a wolf! Soon an answer came, then another, and another! I smiled, for I had a contempt for the whole wolf tribe, believing them to be cunning and cruel, but cowardly. I turned the cylinder of my pistol to see if it was properly reloaded, and finding it all right, calmly awaited the gathering of the howling pack. With lolling tongues and fiery, hungry eyes they came galloping up, falling into small groups, snapping, snarling and fighting. I hesitated to shoot for fear the smell of blood would whet their ferocious appetites. My hesitation ceased as a large, grey wolf trotted up to my side and crouched to spring at me, instantly I put a bullet through his shoulder, he fell backwards with a yell, and



in an instant a score of hungry brutes sprang on to him, and tore him to pieces. At the same moment a fresh pack came sweeping across the road in front, enclosing us in a circle. The frightened horses recoiled back upon me, and I began shooting right and left. One of the excited ponies suddenly bolted from the herd and ran wildly across the plain. Instantly every wolf joined in the pursuit; for a moment there was a rushing sound, then all was still, and I was left alone with my trembling ponies, and my heart wildly beating!

At 4 a. m. I reached camp in safety. The emigrants had put the children to bed, but the men and women were sitting around a fire in the centre of a horse-shoe corral formed of the wagons. When I rode up they greeted me with loud hurrahs, and strong hands lifted me from my saddle, and bore me triumphantly to the watch fire. When the joy had somewhat subsided, I said, "Brethren, that ox has traveled a hundred miles, and I have ridden seventy-five; these horses are Captain P's, I took them from the Indians who had stolen them; now double the guard around the camp and the cattle, put out your fires, and let me sleep until sunrise."

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## Take Courage

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Never bend low to sorrow or frown,  
Though misfortune come to you,  
But hustle, and keep on the "go"  
That's the only way to get through.

Never lie down to fate or to foe,  
Undaunted straight-forward, just go;  
Through thick and thin, though you've no "tin",  
Take courage, life's battle to win.

Be moral, and deal on the square,  
For this course will win everywhere,  
Be humble and hopeful, trusting in God,  
Be valiant while onward you plod.

Should reverses come to me or to you,  
Lament not, nor sit down and whine  
But look for some good thing to do,  
With courage and pluck just hope for good luck,  
And just paddle your own canoe.

Never give up in the cause of right,  
But struggle on with all your might,  
Till you land your barque on the shining shore,  
Want and sorrow to know no more.

*St. George, Utah*

*George C. Naegle*

# Joseph Smith's Last Prophecy

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*By Edwin F. Parry, Bishop of the Sixteenth Ward, Salt Lake Stake of Zion*

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Joseph Smith once said, "A prophet is a prophet only when he is acting as such." It appears from what has been said and written of him that he possessed the spirit of prophecy upon many occasions.

Frequently when speaking, either publicly or privately, he would prophesy concerning the future. Some of his predictions were of great importance to the Church, to the nation and to the world, while others were made to individuals for their personal benefit or guidance. His last recorded prophecy of a specific nature was uttered on the night of June 26, 1844, in Carthage jail. I quote the following from the *History of the Church*, volume six, chapter thirty-two, beginning on page 600:

9:15 p. m.—Elder John Taylor prayed. Willard Richards, John Taylor, John S. Fullmer, Stephen Markham, and Dan Jones stayed with Joseph and Hyrum in the front room.

During the evening the Patriarch Hyrum Smith read and commented upon extracts from the Book of Mormon, on the imprisonments and deliverance of the servants of God for the Gospel's sake. Joseph bore a powerful testimony to the guards of the divine authenticity of the Book of Mormon, the restoration of the Gospel, the administration of angels, and that the kingdom of God was again established upon the earth for the sake of which he was then incarcerated in that prison and not because he had violated any law of God or man.

They retired to rest late. Joseph and Hyrum occupied the only bedstead in the room while their friends lay side by side on the mattresses on the floor. Dr. Richards sat up writing until his last candle left him in the dark. The report of a gun fired close by caused Joseph to arise, leave the bed, and lay himself on the floor having Dan Jones on his left and John S. Fullmer on his right. Joseph laid out his right arm and said to John S. Fullmer "Lay your head on my arm for a pillow, Brother John;" and when all were quiet they conversed in a low tone about the prospects of their deliverance. Joseph gave expression to several presentiments that he had to die, and said "I would like to see my family again." and "I would to God that I could preach to the Saints in Nauvoo once more." Fullmer tried to rally his spirits, saying he thought he would often have that privilege, when Joseph thanked him for the remarks and good feelings expressed to him.

Soon after Dr. Richards retired to the bed which Joseph had left, and when all were apparently fast asleep, Joseph whispered to Dan Jones, "Are you afraid to die?" Dan said, "Has that time come, think you? Engaged in such a cause I do not think that death would have many terrors." Joseph

replied, "You will yet see Wales, and fulfill the mission appointed you before you die."

\* \* \* \* \*

5:30 a. m.—Arose. Joseph requested Dan Jones to descend and inquire of the guard the cause of the disturbance in the night. Frank Worrel, the officer of the guard, who was one of the Carthage Greys, in a very bitter spirit said, "We have had too much trouble to bring Old Joe here to let him ever escape alive and unless you want to die with him you had better leave before sundown; and you are not a damned bit better than him for taking his part, and you'll see that I can prophesy better than Old Joe, for neither he nor his brother, nor anyone who will remain with them will see the sun set today."

Joseph directed Jones to go to Governor Ford and inform him what he had been told by the officer of the guard. While Jones was going to Governor Ford's quarters he saw an assemblage of men, and heard one of them, who was apparently a leader, making a speech saying that "Our troops will be discharged this morning in obedience to orders, and for a sham we will leave the town; but when the Governor and the McDonough troops have left for Nauvoo this afternoon, we will return and kill those men, if we have to tear the jail down." This sentiment was applauded by three cheers from the crowd.

Captain Jones went to the Governor, told him what had occurred in the night, what the officer of the guard had said, and what he had heard while coming to see him, and earnestly solicited him to avert the danger.

His Excellency replied "You are unnecessarily alarmed for the safety of your friends, sir, the people are not that cruel."

Irritated by such a remark, Jones urged the necessity of placing better men to guard them than professed assassins and said, "The Messrs. Smith are American citizens, and have surrendered themselves to your Excellency upon your pledging your honor for their safety; they are also Master Masons, and as such I demand of you protection of their lives."

Governor Ford's face turned pale, and Jones remarked, "If you do not do this, I have but one more desire and that is if you leave their lives in the hands of those men to be sacrificed—"

"What is that, sir?" he asked in a hurried tone.

"It is," said Jones, "that the Almighty will preserve my life to a proper time and place, that I may testify that you have been timely warned of their danger."

Jones then returned to the prison, but the guard would not let him enter. He again returned to the hotel, and found Governor Ford standing in front of the McDonough troops, who were in line ready to escort him to Nauvoo.

The disbanded mob retired to the rear, shouting loudly that they were only going a short distance out of town, when they would return and kill old Joe and Hyrum as soon as the Governor was far enough out of town.

Jones called the attention of the Governor to the threats then made, but the Governor took no notice of them, although it was impossible for him to avoid hearing them.

Jones then requested the Governor to give him passports for himself and friends to pass in and out of the prison, according to his promise made to the prisoners. He refused to give them, but he told General Deming to give one to Dr. Willard Richards, Joseph Smith's private secretary.

While obtaining this, Jones' life was threatened, and Chauncey L. Higbee said to him in the street, "We are determined to kill Joe and Hyrum and you had better go away to save yourself."

Twice on that fatal 27th of June, Captain Jones' life was

threatened, and it was said that he would not get away from Carthage alive, as armed men had gone out to waylay him as he proceeded to Nauvoo. The mob about Carthage learned that he had a message from the Prophet to deliver, and, supposing it was an order to bring the Nauvoo Legion to rescue him, they were anxious to intercept Captain Jones. The Captain, however, secured a horse and started on his journey. Fortunately for him, he took the wrong road, and thereby escaped the men who lay in wait for him, and his life was preserved, notwithstanding the repeated threats of his and the Prophet's enemies.

Captain Dan Jones was born in North Wales. He was educated in his native land and emigrated to America about the year 1840. He became owner of a river stream called the *Maid of Iowa*, which plied up and down the Mississippi. He became acquainted with the Latter-day Saints and a convert to their faith. The Prophet Joseph Smith bought an interest in the *Maid of Iowa*, and the craft was subsequently used as a ferry boat between Nauvoo, Illinois, and Montrose, Iowa. Captain Jones was one of the men who accompanied the Prophet and his brother Hyrum from Nauvoo to Carthage when they gave themselves up for trial upon various charges made against them. As already related, Jones spent the night of June 26, 1844, with the Prophet and his friends in Carthage jail.

The year following the tragic martyrdom of the Prophet and Patriarch, Captain Dan Jones went upon a mission to Great Britain, and was assigned to labor in Wales. He went to Merthyr Tydfil, South Wales, and there began his ministry. In the course of two years there were about two thousand souls baptized into the Church in that little country. Captain Jones left Great Britain, February 26, 1849, with a company of two hundred and forty-nine emigrating Saints. After landing in America, he conducted them to the western frontier at Kanesville, Iowa. Here they joined a company of western pioneers led by George A. Smith, and came to the valley of the Great Salt Lake that same year.

Thus was the inspired declaration made by the great Prophet Joseph Smith to Captain Dan Jones while lying upon the floor of Carthage jail on that perilous night just before the martyrdom fulfilled:

*"You will yet see Wales, and fulfil the mission appointed you before you die."*

Elder Jones later fulfilled a second successful mission to his native country, and also performed useful service in the Church in Utah. He was recognized as the founder of the Welsh mission. His death occurred January 3, 1861.



# Fort Supply

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*By Andrew Jenson, Assistant Church Historian*

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It is perhaps generally known that a "Mormon" settlement called Fort Supply existed at one time in the Green river country, but it is not universally understood that Fort Supply was actually the first Anglo-Saxon settlement in what is now the state of Wyoming. A number of old settlers in Uinta county, Wyoming, not to speak of others, have confounded Fort Supply with Fort Bridger, though the two settlements are twelve miles apart. Fort Bridger, a mere trading post, is situated on Black's Fork of Green river, while Fort Supply, a farming settlement, was located on Willow creek, a tributary of Smith's Fork.

At the General Conference of the Church, held in Salt Lake City, in 1853, Elder Orson Hyde, the senior member of the quorum of Twelve Apostles, was appointed by the voice of the conference to make a permanent settlement on or near Green river, and on the last day of said conference (October 7), he read the names of 39 persons, selected to accompany him on that mission. This company of 39 men started from Salt Lake City November 2, 1853, and crossed the mountains eastward to the upper country. There were generally two men to a wagon, and 300 pounds of flour, 75 pounds of seed wheat, half a bushel of oats, 40 pounds of the seed ends of potatoes (nicely done up to be secure against frost) and a peck of barley to the man. There was also a milch cow and a beef creature to each wagon. Besides this the company brought along all necessary teams, arms and ammunition, for defense and game, and seed corn and every variety of garden and fruit seed, etc.: also various kinds of tools and implements for farming operations. The company was organized in the State House, Salt Lake City, with John Nebeker as captain, John Harvey, first lieutenant, James S. Brown, second lieutenant, and the well known Elijah Barney Ward, pilot and Indian interpreter. This company arrived at Fort Bridger, Saturday, November 13, 1853, and was soon afterwards joined there by another company of volunteers (53 young men) who traveled with 26 wagons and carried with them tools, implements, clothing, blankets, leather, nails, etc. Most of the outfits of these men were raised in the Sessions Settlement (now Bountiful) Davis county, Utah, by voluntary donations. This second company got fully under way from Salt Lake City, Wednesday, November 16, 1853, led by Isaac Bullock, captain.

The documents at the Historian's office contain the names of all the others.

The two companies joined their forces and located a settlement which they called Fort Supply, on Willow creek, a tributary of Smith's Fork about two miles above the confluence of the two streams and about twelve miles southwest of Fort Bridger. President Brigham Young, in establishing this outpost settlement, had in view the raising of grain and vegetables in a high altitude, which, if it proved successful, would make it possible to supply the incoming immigration from the plains with the necessary flour and other eatables, and thus save the expense of hauling supplies eastward from Salt Lake City, a distance of about 120 miles. The following winter (1853-1854) was a cold one: the thermometer on one occasion registered 25° Fahrenheit below zero and some of the cattle belonging to the settlers froze to death. A number of Shoshone Indians wintered with the settlers.

In the spring of 1854 the settlers of Fort Supply went to work in regular pioneer fashion, ploughing, sowing and planting. A small crop was raised that year, but in the fall it was still a question whether or not farming could be made successful in that high altitude.

In 1855 seventy acres of wheat besides other cereals were put in, and while the crops in other parts of Utah were being destroyed by grasshoppers that year, these insects did but very little damage in the Fort Supply fields. Everything looked prosperous for a good crop until September 17, 1855, when a severe frost killed nearly everything that had not fully matured. It cut down the potato tops and gave the trees and shrubbery a chill that turned the leaves down in humble submission. The wheat which was in the milk, or dough, froze stiff, and at least one half of the wheat crop that year was destroyed. Three acres of wheat, which had ripened was harvested before the frost. The Indian chief Tababooindowetsy and his band were annoying the settlement continuously, begging for food, and even insisted upon helping themselves to potatoes and other vegetables before they were ripe; in order to keep peace with the natives, the settlers were obliged to divide their scanty supplies liberally with them, true to the slogan, which perhaps first originated with President Brigham Young, that "it is cheaper to feed the Indians than to fight them." In the history of Fort Supply only one serious difficulty happened with the Indians and that took place in October, 1855, when the chief just mentioned got sulky and his band undertook to ride their horses through the fields of growing grain, to destroy everything in sight. The brethren, to the surprise of the Indians (who had thought the "Mormons" would not fight), armed themselves

and presented a bold front, which caused the Indians to run away. An express was immediately sent to Major Armstrong, an Indian agent, whose headquarters was at or near Fort Bridger, and through his timely aid the difficulty was amicably adjusted, Indians and whites both wanting peace.

Early in 1856 a number of other families were called from the older settlements in Utah to strengthen the young settlement of Fort Supply. In the spring of that year Edson Whipple brought a portable grist mill to the settlement, which proved a great benefit to the people. George A. Smith, who visited Fort Supply in April, 1856, reported that the very fine and rich bottom lands along Smith's Fork and Black's Fork were capable of producing the choicest grain and vegetables, though he was surprised to find that Fort Supply was 7,200 feet above the level of the sea, according to the best estimate that could be made of its relative position to Fort Bridger. He describes Fort Supply as a stockade, inclosing an area of about ten acres, and built by setting into the ground six feet deep, a double row of pickets 18 feet long, about 1 foot through, and pointed at the top. The workmanship of this stockade with its bastions, Elder Smith remarks, indicated creditable skill and union on the part of its projectors and occupants. A two story house, used for a court house and other public purposes (Fort Supply being the county seat of Green river county, Utah), 25 neatly constructed dwellings and substantially made corrals and stock yards evidenced further the energy and taste of the people and testified to the fruitfulness of the soil. Nine stacks of wheat were seen in one yard, and also several stacks of hay and oats. Judge Isaac Bullock showed the visitors his fine pigs, which were enough to make them fancy that they were in Berkshire, England. Cattle, horses and sheep had wintered over 7,000 feet above the level of the sea and north of latitude 41°. Some of these animals, which the previous fall were too poor to travel and had consequently been left by the emigration, were in fine condition in the spring of 1856, although the snow during the winter had been drifted so deep as to entirely cover the stockade. Elder Smith further stated that 25 families more had just arrived to strengthen the settlement.

In the spring of 1857 Thomas B. Brown surveyed a city plat, three or four miles north of Fort Supply and seven or eight miles southwest of Fort Bridger, on the bench between Black's and Smith's Forks, but no improvements were ever made on this townsite. This year (1857) considerable wheat, barley, oats and potatoes were planted in the Fort Supply fields; but in September, 1857, the settlement was deserted by its inhabitants on the approach of Colonel Johnston's army. George A. Smith on his way east with a military expedition reported



that on the 29th of September, 1857, between Yellow Creek and Bear river he met some "fifty families fleeing from Fort Supply and Fort Bridger with ox and horse teams and their herds of cattle," bound for Salt Lake City. On the arrival of the army at Fort Bridger in the fall of 1857, Colonel Johnston, commander of the army, took possession of that fort in the name of the United States and declared it to be a military reservation. The reservation, including an area of country 20 miles across from east to west and 25 miles from north to south, was also extended over the settlement and farming lands of Fort Supply. Alfred Cumming, who succeeded Brigham Young as governor of Utah Territory, subsequently made an attempt to restore the property to the citizens who had been dispossessed by military authority, but his efforts proved unsuccessful, he being overruled by John B. Floyd, then Secretary of War. The loss and damage sustained by these "Mormon" pioneers at Fort Supply and Fort Bridger were about \$300,000.

During the years that the Fort Bridger country was occupied as a military post it was looked upon as the center of a sportsman's paradise: antelope and deer were plentiful on the foot hills, while herds of elk occupied the higher ranges, and the streams were filled with trout. In the course of time the military reservation was cut down to a strip of country extending north and south about six miles, and east and west two and a half miles; but it was not until 1890 that the military post was discontinued altogether and the land opened for settlement. Several years before that, however, a number of squatters, by permission of the military authorities, had chosen and occupied some of the best localities for stock ranches.

That particular part of the country in which Fort Supply was situated was homesteaded by one John C. Bond, who received a government patent for the same March 25, 1902. He afterwards sold to the Pugh, Pond Land Company, who in turn sold to Charles Pate, who, in 1909, deeded it to Joseph A. Johnson, who executed a deed December 29, 1919, to Hyrum Jones, the present owner of the land.

On Monday, August 2, 1920, accompanied by Bishop H. Melvin Rollins, of Lyman, and others, I started out from Lyman to learn the exact location of old Fort Supply. We traveled by way of Mountain View and the Tipperary bench and crossed Smith's Fork to the residence of Hyrum Jones, where we made the object of our visit known. Harold Guy Jones, a sturdy son of the family, who volunteered his services as guide, took us straight to the site of the old Fort, which is partly in the Jones homestead. Pushing our way through the tall grass of a prolific meadow, we soon succeeded in finding the southeast corner of the original picket fort, where there are still remnants of a



bastion. From that corner we had no trouble in tracing the east and south lines of the fort as the stumps of the cottonwood logs were still sticking in the ground where they were originally placed by the "Mormon" settlers.

According to the government survey the site of Fort Supply is mostly in the southwest quarter of the north-west quarter of section 25, township 14 north of range 116 west of the 6th principal meridian of Wyoming. It is about eleven miles in a straight line or fourteen miles by round-about road southwest of Fort Bridger and about eighteen miles by nearest road southwest of Lyman, in Uinta county, Wyoming. The famous Gilbert Peak, the highest mountain peak in the Uinta range and also the highest peak in Utah, is in plain sight from the fort, about 25 miles distant to the south. In looking north, the well-known Bridger Butte is visible while the view to the west and east is cut off by the hills or low mountains bordering on Smith's and Black's forks. Fort Supply was originally built on the bench land between Willow Creek and Smith's Fork, but the present owner, by turning water on to it from a higher elevation, has changed the bench into a beautiful meadow, and we were compelled to wade through water in several places, while tracing the lines of the old fort. The farming land utilized by the original "Mormon" settlers extends up and down Smith's Fork and Willow Creek for several miles, and is at present owned by a mixed population of "Mormons" and non-"Mormons." The Church members residing in that district of country belong to the Millburne ward, and there is a Latter-day Saint Sunday school of that ward which holds regular sessions every Sunday morning in the Robertson schoolhouse, situated about one and a half miles north of the site of old Fort Supply.

Since Fort Supply was first settled by the "Mormon" pioneers, in 1853, the climate in what is now generally known as Bridger Valley, has modified considerably, and there are good opportunities for people, who are looking for land, to make good homes for themselves, and who are not afraid of a high altitude. Though all the land in the immediate neighborhood of Fort Supply is taken up, a number of the present settlers, several hailing from the East, are selling out on easy terms, and it might be suggested that the founding of a flourishing "Mormon" settlement on the site of Fort Supply might not be aversive to the public sentiment of the people of Wyoming, who have always exhibited the most friendly feelings towards the Latter-day Saints. But it would perhaps be better still, if the state of Wyoming would decide to follow the example of Idaho (referring to Fort Limhi) and make the site of Fort Supply a state reservation or park, in consideration of the fact, that it is both historic and sacred ground, where Anglo-Saxon civilization began sixty-seven years ago.

# Panacarre's Ticaboo

*By Ruth Savage Hilton*

"Berries! Wild berries!" shouted a tow-headed little urchin, as he beckoned to his comrades playing in the center of a little fort made by some half score log huts which comprised the village of Panwana. This shout was followed by a general scramble of bare feet, as the youngsters gathered around Old Panacarre. The Indian's copper-colored face screwed up to what he meant for a laugh, while his clear, black eyes sparkled with whole-souled delight, as he watched the eager children plunge into the fruit—autumn's gift from the woodlands.

Panacarre was the children's best friend. They knew him as the kind old Indian who lived alone in his wick-i-up, among the foot hills of Mount Kimboo, the mount which guarded, in solemn majesty, this quaint little vale. However, he termed himself a "Mohave Brave." 'Twas at his wick-i-up that the village youngsters listened to the tales of the departed glory of the Mohaves; 'twas he who taught them the games of the woodland, how to catch the biggest fish, and find the sweetest berries, always sharing with them the spoils of the hunt.

"Mine—O! leave me some," cried little Billy Taylor, the cripple, who had been unable to keep up with his fleeing comrades, and to his dismay saw the fruit fast disappearing. But no one heard Billy, for just then a dusty horseman came galloping into the little fort breathlessly exclaiming:

"Indian war! Navajos and Apaches both on the trail! Guard your lives and your property. Don't trust an Indian anywhere! Warn your neighbors!"

A cloud of blinding dust, and he was gone.

Assembled in council the villagers, frightened half out of their wits, decided that among other measures to be taken for their safety old Panacarre must be disarmed. This task was assigned William Stanley, the Indian's best friend.

Stanley started at once for the lonely wick-i-up. At every step his distaste grew for the job assigned him, so that he walked slowly. It was early dusk when he climbed the last little raise before the Indian's residence.

"Howdy," greeted the white man.

Panacarre evidenced great delight, and hastened to spread his best robe, made of rabbit skins, which he had laboriously sewed together with rabbit skin twine of his own fashioning.

"Me heap fine. How you?" grunted the host as he squatted on the robe beside his guest.

Stanley felt uncomfortable, scarcely knowing how to begin. A dead silence fell. The old Indian watched his visitor closely, saw his eyes wander through the opening, and rest on the jagged peaks of Mt. Kimboo which shone resplendent in the rays of the setting sun. The old man was enrapt with its splendor.

"Wino! Wino!" he cried. "Fine, big mount."

Was it the scene, the quietude, or the twilight shadows, that tempted old Panacarre to talk as he had never talked before?

With many gestures and plaintive words he told of the great southwest when it was known as the realm of the unexplored: where, as a youth, he had dwelt with his people. How he learned to love the peaceful glow of the campfire; the thrilling excitement of the hunt; the wild delight of the snake dance; and real Indian lore—the tales of his fathers.

His voice grew lower as he told how he wooed and wed his woodland bride, bringing her to the foothills of Mt. Kimboo, during a glorious Indian summer. Then came the war—the "great war"—an unequal struggle forced on his people by neighboring tribes, Navajos and Apaches.

Two years of this struggle left the Mohaves disheartened, scattered and impoverished. Disease came next, striking a death blow to the remnant of a once powerful race. Panacarre's kind old eyes shone with pathetic tenderness as he told how the grim reaper entered his wick-i-up, and then he laid his mate and their papoose by the side of the ancient chiefs of Mohave.

His few remaining comrades became alarmed, superstition sent them in mad flight to the mountains, never to return.

They had urged Panacarre to come with them. Slowly, almost reverently, he said: "Me told them no—Panacarre stay in the land of his fathers—stay by the side of his dead."

This resolve brought forth the Medicine man bedecked with beads, stones and reptile skins, his features distorted and hideously painted. Shaking the gnarled black stick, which he always carried, he chanted in a weird uncanny voice: "Panacarre stay, he heap love pale face. Many moons pass—then he be heap scared."

True to his resolve the warrior stayed, stayed alone, as a sentinel over the memory of a vanquished tribe.

Thus the frontiersmen found him and rejoiced at the welcome he gave them.

"Panacarre heap glad you come," he added warmly after a moment's pause.

"Yes," slowly assented Stanley, "but Indians all mad, they fight."

"I know; heap bad Injuns, Navajos, Apaches."

"But whites are scared. Indians kill 'em and steal their cows."

"Navajos no likey Mohave. Mohave good Injun." As Panacarre said this, he shot a look of confidence at his white friend.

Not only did Stanley fail to return the look but he answered rather doggedly: "Whites heap scared—they—they—want your gun."

"My caribine!" exclaimed the astonished red man. He could not believe it. His friends, his neighbors, they disarm him, a lone Mohave, in as much danger of the invading foe as they?

He stood dumb in astonishment, while Stanley gestured and argued until he fully got the meaning, understood that no matter who he was, his skin was of a copper hue, hence even his friends refused to trust him.

"I am whites' ticaboo (friend); Navajos killey me," he added lamely. "Panacarre hungely, need gun to killey buckskin."

The white man was touched by the old Indians pleading. Stepping closer he took Panacarre's hand in his, laid the other on his shoulder, looking straight into the eyes of the brave, he said: "I'm Panacarre's best ticaboo. Believe me, I will protect you. No harm shall come to you till I return your gun."

Slowly Panacarre handed over his old weapon. Stanley turned to leave, but the old Indian caught his hand and pressed it reaffirmingly, then said, almost plaintively: "Panacarre's ticaboo."

Left alone his head dropped dejectedly. Some of the old fire in his eyes went out.

For hours he lay watching the moon slowly climb over the crags. Then he slept, slept and dreamed of that happy Indian summer, long ago, when he first brought his woodland bride to the foothills.

Next morning the villagers had their fears augmented when Jack Wilson came in to report the horrors being committed on all sides by the invading natives. His own father had recently been murdered by the redskins. The man worked himself up to such an absurd, ridiculous rage that he swore by all that was good to kill the first "—— Injun" he saw.

"But look," he shrieked, "there's one of 'em goin' into Stanley's gate now."

With these words he started to run, shouting, "Halt, halt!" and swinging his revolver frantically as old Panacarre entered the gate and pulled on Stanley's latch string.

Stanley rushed out to meet the enraged man and tried to



reason with him. Finding that useless he stepped between the Indian and Wilson's revolver saying: "I have given my word to protect him. Guess you'll have to reckon with me."

"Get out of the road, or I'll fill you with lead," he roared.

Stanley saw the demoniacal flash of the murderer's eyes, shrank, and stepped aside.

There was an instant's pause. The Indian brave shot one long piercing glance at his treacherous friend. He pulled himself up to his full height, his eyes seemed to say, "betrayed."

"Ticaboo!" he sneered at Stanley.

The intense moment was over. The old fire flashed from his beady eyes. Without a quiver he whirled to face his assailant, just as Wilson fired the fatal shot.

Panacarre was no more. He had gone to the happy hunting ground, true—true to his trust, as sentinel in the land of his fathers.

*Blackfoot, Idaho*

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## Power Divine

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Unseen, unheard, within each mortal lying,  
 In dormant state, as if to bide its hour.  
 Then bursting forth at last, with mien triumphant  
 A mighty force divine, immortal pow'r!

The fulness of this strength how few have tested,  
 It springeth where the living waters flow;  
 Where glows the light ne'er seen on land or ocean;  
 The source of every good that man can know.

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A great desire, a soul that's filled with longing,  
 An urgent plea sent to the realms above,  
 And strength flows in as faith remains undaunted,  
 And lifts one to a higher plane of love.

How oft we judge a man to be a weakling,  
 Until a crisis comes to him some day,  
 Transformed he stands a giant strong before us  
 With courage firm to walk the better way.

If we at will could use our latent powers,  
 Our daily work full energy to give,  
 What goal too high; what task beyond us?  
 O how supremely, fully we could live!

Oh, glorious thought, that we can still go onward,  
 That with these hidden potencies we'll gain  
 A place with God, joint heirs with our Creator!  
 The highest goal to which one can attain.

*Raymond, Canada*

*Helen Kimball Orgill*

# "Good Tobacco Business"

By Will H. Brown

The Canadian *Cigar and Tobacco Journal*, last December, made some surprising admissions, in an effort to encourage tobacco dealers to cheer up, despite unfavorable conditions and the cries of calamity howlers, saying that men will smoke, regardless of any other consideration. Its first statement is rather mild: "Even though the business man must curtail some of his 'luxury' money, he will continue to smoke his favorite brand of cigars."

But the next declaration is brutally frank: "The worker will, *even though jobless*, continue to enjoy his cigarette. In the line-up of unemployed in the cities, the applicants, *without an actual meal in sight*, puff their cigarettes. The smoker *will not do without his smoke*." Then comes this cold-blooded comment: "It may be poor economics, but *it is good tobacco business*."

Sure, it is "good tobacco business," but that any one could gloat over such facts seems incredible. It matters not that a man is out of work with not a cent in his pocket, and not a meal in sight, *so long as he smokes*.

Yes, it is "good tobacco business" for a man to spend his last dollar for tobacco, leaving his wife and children to be fed and clothed by others, as many a man has done, while he begs his smokes from other slaves to the habit! It is "good tobacco business" to devote land, labor and money to producing the weed, even though the land, labor and money are sorely needed in producing food to keep people from starving!

This is all good tobacco business—but were it possible for a visitor to drop down on our earth from some other planet, he would be excused for thinking us a very low order of human beings.

## *A Crime Against Our Boys and Girls*

One of the deplorable conditions in the United States is the shortage of homes, depriving several million children of the right to live in comfort and amid helpful family surroundings. At the 1920 Building Trades Conference in Chicago the statement was made that the shortage of homes had reached one million. Later estimates place it at nearer two million.

Our tobacco bill for the year was far in excess of \$2,000,000,000, according to figures given out at Washington, D. C. With the accessories of the tobacco business—fire losses, salaries of salesmen, pipes, holders, boxes, spittoons, loss of wages for labor due to tobacco illness, etc.—the expenditure would easily reach \$3,000,000,000. Allowing \$3,000 to each home, our tobacco money would build these one million homes, *in just one year*. It is an outrage upon American common sense that it is not done. Every boy and girl beneath the Stars and Stripes has a right to vigorously protest against such conditions, if not for themselves, then for the sake of the boys and girls who live in crowded and often unsanitary quarters. This latter situation is given by experts as one of the reasons for the deplorable vice conditions prevailing in many of our cities. Common sense should say: "Cut out tobacco and build homes."

Again, are we doing the youth of our land an injustice in spending only \$1,000,000,000 a year to maintain our free public schools, while three billion goes for the enemy of the body, mind and soul? The mental development of our boys and girls has been halted in many cities because of a lack of funds to pay teachers. When a great nation spends three times as much to tear down its boyhood and girlhood, its manhood and womanhood, as it does to develop the mind, the body and the soul of its citizens, it is time to call a halt. Greater nations than ours have gone down in ruin. It is time that Americans should see things straight.

*Oakland, Calif.*

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## Culture

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Oh what a great man is he who is a cultured man. He is one who can adapt himself to, or fit into, the different environments with which he comes in contact. He is one who is constantly making beautiful the simple things of life; that is, he can appreciate the importance of the common and simple things of life, as well as the cultured ones. He seeks the importance of the small and seemingly insignificant things, as they relate to the machinery of life.

A cultured man can see high art in a modest portrayal of the common things of life, as well as in the portrayal of the uncommon, or brilliant things. In every-day life he is constantly noticing the importance that one part of the machinery of life has to all other parts. That is, if there were no bees there would be no flowers, if there were no flowers, there would be no air purifiers, and if there were no pure air there would be no life. Hence the unity and importance of all God's creation, whether great or small.

*Way, Ida.*

*E. Virgil Cornia*

# Man's Need of God\*

*By President B. H. Roberts, of the First Council of Seventy*

"As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God. Why art thou cast down, O, my soul? Why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance." (Ps. 42.)

"Without me ye can do nothing." Jesus to his disciples. St. John 15.

These scriptures justify the thought in the title of this writing—man's need of God. The quotation from the Psalms represents David's strongly felt and passionately expressed need of God—every man's felt need of God. And the quotation from the words of Christ to the disciples affirms that need in the most positive form. If "without God we can do nothing," the need of him is most urgent. I am assuming, you see, the Divinity of the Christ. Hence "without me [the Christ] ye can do nothing," is equivalent to "without God, ye can do nothing." And this is emphasized by the Christ, in the assertion that the disciple occupies the same relationship to the Christ as the branch does to the vine. If the branch is severed from the vine, it dies. If the disciple is separated from the divine Master, the same thing happens—he dies. The spiritual life of man depends upon his union with Christ, *i. e.* with God. Hence the Christ said, "Without me ye can do nothing."

Whence comes this need in man for God? Even from man's inadequacy. Out of man's limitations, and incompleteness is it born.

Man stands in the midst of things created, the earth and all things that are in it, and that make it; mountains and plains; oceans and rivers; forests and prairies; vegetable and animal life; the life of the seas, and the life of the air—all life. Nor is the earth and the things that make it, and that are in it, all the created things that man stands in the midst of. There are the heavens, the sun and the planets, the major ones, eight of them, and their satellites; then the minor planets, the asteroids, seven hundred of them between Jupiter and Mars. All these having sol for their center make up the solar system. There is also the sidereal system, made up of what astronomers call the "fixed stars," though they know, as a matter of fact, that they are not "fixed," that they move, but in orbits of such immensity in the

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\*A companion article, "God's Need of Man," will appear in the August number of the *Era*.



space depths that thousands of years must elapse before perceptive changes will be observed in their relative positions in our field of vision, and hence they are conventionally called "fixed" stars. The number and size of them are quite bewildering, the human mind fails to grasp such immensity as they represent. We know they exist in space; perhaps some trend of their movement; the substances which enter their composition; the relative position the groups hold to one another from age to age, and that they are sustained in magnificent order by a power that challenges our wonder and amazement.

Man is conscious that he is not the creator of these things, the earth and the heavens; and yet he is conscious that they must be the product of intelligence and power, because all things else that are produced within his experience are produced by intelligence and power. By parity of reasoning, then, such things as earth, and sun, and stars, come not by chance, but by creative power intelligently and purposefully directed; and that creative power, in the nature of things, and as represented by its achievements—that power must be infinitely superior to any power in man, individually or collectively exercised. Worlds and world systems exist, and man ascribes their creation to a superior Intelligence which he calls God. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," is so generally accepted, that it may as well be regarded as the universal creed of man.

Moreover, man is conscious that he lives in an orderly creation. Day and night follow each the other with great precision through the months, the years, the centuries, the ages. Also the seasons—life-reviving spring, growing summer, ripening autumn, and nature's rest-time, winter. These season-changes follow not less regularly than day and night, wrought by the progress of the earth in its orbit about the sun. These changes, together with unnumbered millions of world systems also moving in majesty and glory throughout space—all these give evidence of a universe held in majestic balance, in imperial order. All this is beyond man and his power. This orderly universe, this world upholding power, man controls it not. Yet it is upheld, this orderly universe! What majesty and glory must attend upon the Intelligent Power, that is not man, which creates and maintains this orderly universe!

Since man exercises not this power, he refers its existence to a superior Intelligence which he calls God.

Again: Man is conscious of the existence throughout things—things in the earth and in the sea, of a vital force, life power, which seems all pervading. This, too, exists outside of man. While capable of creating many things, man cannot create life, only as he co-operates with existent life forces in nature. Apart

from this, man cannot give life to a blade of grass, nor a kernel of wheat, or corn; creation of life is beyond man. Yet life exists in earth, and sea, and air. And it persists independent of man. Also objects, through which it is manifested, die; and die in spite of man. Man controls not life. Some other power external to man controls it, both in its persistence and in its passing. This power also man refers to God.

Still again: Man perceives and sees demonstrated in the things considered in the foregoing, the existence of a larger Intelligence than his own; and since its existence is necessary to the accounting of things, and to make intelligible the universe, man feels the necessity of definite knowledge of that larger Intelligence, the need of cooperation with it, and perhaps union with it, if he would attain the utmost heights of achievement. For union with that larger Intelligence would doubtless be an inspiration to man, an intelligence-inspiring power to him.

Man, then, conceives the existence of this larger Intelligence as necessary to the accounting for things; for creation, for the upholding of creation in orderly progression, and as source of, and guiding power of, the vital energy in all things manifesting life, the life power of the world. These are the "invisible things of Him," of Paul's passage in Romans, that "are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead."

In another series of things it is manifest that man needs God. The series in this second instance has to do with mind qualities and soul powers.

Man is a conscious entity. He feels and he knows some things. He exists and he thinks, and he knows himself both as existing and as thinking, and is aware of the objects upon which his thoughts rest. He is therefore conscious of self and of objects other than himself. He is conscious of a certain power of deliberation. He is able to dwell in thought upon himself and upon objects other than himself. He can compare things. One object is heavy, another is of lighter weight; he observes that objects differ in color, in form, in hardness, or softness, and he can make his comparisons between objects on the basis of these qualities. His thoughts can rise to and deal with ideas; he can regard thoughts themselves as objects, and contemplate moral qualities also. Enlightened by experience, his own or the accumulated experience of the race, he can pass certain judgments upon the objects of his thought, be they physical things or creations of the mind, and he is able to say this is good, but that is bad; or this is good, but that is better; this best; or this state of things is to be preferred to that state of things.

After things have thus passed in review, and having judged of them, man becomes aware of a power within himself to choose between objects or courses of action. That is, he may not only say, this is to be preferred to that, but he can say, I choose this, or I will to take this action instead of that. But while man is conscious of these mind qualities and powers he also is aware, and often painfully aware, of the limitations of these powers. As for example:

(a) *Knoweldge*: Man is aware that he sees many things as but through a glass, darkly; knowing things only in part; yet man conceives of perfect knowledge, of knowing the whole of things, and yearns to know all things.

(b) *Truth*: Man now knows only relative truth, limited truth; but he conceives of absolute truth, the sum of all that is, "the sum of existence," and knowledge of it; but this sum of existence or absolute truth he does not now know.

(c) *Justice*: Man knows only an imperfect justice now; but he conceives of absolute justice; a justice wherein there is no shuffling, where actions lie in their true light; where there is nothing extenuated, and nought set down in malice.

(d) *Mercy*: Man knows, in his human experience, only a partial mercy, but he conceives of a fulness of mercy, the counterpoise of a perfect justice, yet robbing it of nothing; and yet the mercy that blesses him that gives, and him that takes, and is mightiest in the Mightiest.

(e) *Righteousness—Holiness*: Man knows only of relative righteousness, and relative holiness; but he conceives of the possibility of souls possessed of these attributes in perfection; a holiness wherein there is no spot or blemish, a righteousness that knows no defect.

(f) *Love*: Man knows of love; but it is a love limited and imperfect. It extends not to many objects it should include; it is often selfish; but man conceives of perfect love, love without alloy, responsive to worth and reason, the love which casteth out fear, and fulfils the law, and is the sum of duty, "the greatest thing in the world."

All these qualities from (a) to (f), from "Knowledge" to "Love" are qualities that adhere to man, belong to him, and are held by him in ensemble, and are so held by no other creature; yet held by him but imperfectly.

Man arrives at his conception of the existence of the absolute, of perfection, of completeness, of wholeness, of the existence of the infinite, by ratiocination, reasoning. Consciousness of the existence of the part, suggests the existence of a whole, just as when one sees only the arc of a circle, it suggests the whole circle. Starting with the consciousness of the changeable,



leads to the conception of the existence of the permanent, the unchangeable, and so following. Knowing in part, suggests knowing completely; loving imperfectly, suggests the possibility of perfect love; the existence of a limited justice, gives somewhat assurance of the existence somewhere of complete justice. And so imperfect man, with all his limitations, in all the respects noted in the foregoing, as to knowledge, truth, justice, mercy, righteousness, holiness, love, man suggests a Being in which all these qualities would become attributes and mark the perfection of that Being, the necessary Being to man's conceptions of completeness, of perfection; a Being in whom man may trust, in whom he may have faith, and flee to as a refuge. And as in the case of these qualities adhering to man, though imperfectly adhering to him, yet having no existence or manifestation only as they exist in connection with man, so these qualities, becoming attributes in the conceivable Perfect Being, can only have existence in connection with some Reality, with some Perfect Being, that is, with God; without whom these mind and soul attributes would not exist anywhere in perfection, hence the universe would be incomplete, utterly lacking in cohesion, without purpose, meaningless; for nothing is clearer than that without God, there is no meaning to the world. The Universe needs God for its completeness. Man, most of all, needs him.

Man needs God as a guide to truth; as a teacher; as a revelator, for man's mental powers are not sufficient to solve the problems he meets in his earth existence. The questions God is represented as putting to Job in olden time—"Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of the earth? declare if thou hast understanding? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the cornerstone thereof, when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" These questions, I say, remain unanswered, unless God's answer be taken into account. Man out of his own knowledge or wisdom cannot make answer, therefore he needs God to answer these questions, if there is to be an answer.

The Psalmist's great question "What is man?" also remains not only unanswered but unanswerable from man's unaided wisdom. The Psalmist, when the above question is propounded, notes that a certain primacy and honor in nature is accorded to man. He has dominion among created things, "all things are put under his feet;" but whence and what is he? and why should he have this distinction accorded him? What is the purpose of his existence? Is his present life and honor and glory that he has in nature but an "all hail" to a higher glory yet to come? What is the "whence" and the "what" of man? Or is there nothing but the gloom of eternal oblivion for him?



Has the Creative Power, whatever that may be, has the Creative Power been at such pains to bring into existence such a being as man only to round out his troubled earth existence with an endless sleep, with annihilation? Interesting and vital questions these to man, but unanswered and unanswerable, unless God answers them. They represent man's sorest need of God, these questions; for here man must have Divine guidance, or remain forever in darkness. Such knowledge is too wonderful for the uninspired achievements of his intellect. It is high; he cannot attain unto it.

Man lives in the midst of broken harmonies, in the midst of life and death. Who is the master of them, what do they mean?

There are promising talents in the young cut short by death, why?

Valuable friendships also are frequently cut short by death, why?

Why should there be physical suffering at all in the world?

Why should moral evil exist?

Why is man so made, apparently, that he chooses evil, and loves it?

Why are not all men made good, and just, and brave, and generous: and why are not all the women fair, and chaste, and beautiful?

Why are the good, and often the best, so frequently plunged into adversity, and this not by their own acts, but by the actions of others?

Why are the innocent involved in the crimes and misery of the wicked, and made to suffer through the faults of others?

Why are the wicked and ungodly prosperous, and apparently happy; while the good suffer adversity and poverty, and often endure great wretchedness in life?

Why is there such a tardiness in the appearance of, and so partial a distribution of, moral and religious knowledge in the world, knowledge, we will say, of God?

Do these problems awaken no curiosity in the minds of men? Do they press for no solution?

Of one thing I am sure: Man's wisdom alone is not adequate to solve them. He needs an Intelligence higher than merely human understanding to deal effectively with these matters. Consideration of them will but stress man's need of God.

Again: Man needs God to aid him in the attainment of righteousness. Always man is falling short of attaining his ideals, let him get those ideals when and how he may—always he sins against them, and dishonors them. Also let man's standards of righteousness be what they may, if he has standards, while he

seldom or never *attains* them, he never for long *maintains* them; and at best, when founded on merely human conceptions, men fall below the absolute of righteousness for which the good hunger and thirst. Among the mere foot hills of attainable human righteousness man stands, but off in the distance, and rising far above his attained foot hills, are the lofty mountain summits of absolute righteousness, flooded with glory ineffable, but utterly unattainable by man unless divine help shall be given him, a sustaining power supplied by a divine inspiration that shall supplement the human effort and link up man with God in holy union; without which there shall be no certain attainment of, and surely no steadfast adherence to, righteousness worth while, much less the attainment of absolute righteousness.

Man, then, needs God as sustaining power, power outside himself—that makes for righteousness. In this, as in so many other respects, “without God man can do nothing”—he needs God.

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## The Forces We Leave Behind

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Each man when dead will leave behind  
     Some good or bad to burden or relieve;  
 Our acts are ours by will and choice,  
     But acts yield gifts for others to receive.

When mortal life has ceased to be,  
     And friends proclaim the body dead,  
 There'll be alive among our kin  
     The forces that our acts have shed.

These forces coupling life with death  
     Are but effects of deeds performed;  
 They brace the lives we leave behind  
     That otherwise would be deformed.

Some deeds have shadows of despair  
     That spread their gloom as time expands;  
 Oh, pity, God, the child that's bound  
     By fetters made by other's hands.

No studied science can supply  
     What careless hands have failed to give.  
 True heritage comes with the child—  
     Bespeaks the lives its parents live.

If destiny had not decreed  
     That birth be linked with ages past,  
 Man then could judge his fellow-man  
     With some approval of his task.

But, since each child that comes to earth  
     Is heir to forces not its own,  
 We must abide by God's just law,  
     And let him judge and judge alone.

*Blackfoot, Idaho*

*Geo. E. Gibby*

# An Assemblage of Verse

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## The Land I Love

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To this land, and flag whose protection,  
Has made this the home of the free,  
Anew I will pledge my devotion,—  
I offer my all, now to thee.

When foeman shall tempt thy destruction,  
And take what our heart's blood has bought  
May I never falter nor waver  
In giving the help that I ought.

That this world may be free from oppression  
And all men bask in freedom's pure light  
I would gladly give all my possessions  
To conquer and win for the right.

No king shall e'er rule o'er this Nation  
If we are only loyal and true;  
No flag shall replace dear Old Glory;  
If to God and country we're true.

*Mt. Pleasant, Utah*

*Grace Jacobsen*

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## A Song in Gold, or a Sunshine Song

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The sunshine sang a song to my heart,  
A beautiful song in gold;  
'Twas only a wordless, singing sound;  
I heard it filling the air around,  
As I watched the day unfold.

I lay among the soft, green grass,  
With clover blossoms here and there  
Filling the air with lovely scent;  
And the drowsy brown bees hummed content,  
As they gathered their dainty fare.

My soul o'er-flowed with a love divine,  
And scattered the whole world in;  
For the singing told in its wordless song,  
Of a heavenly home where comes no wrong;  
And no sorrow enters in.

The sunshine there is the light of God;  
And the city lieth foursquare.  
Its walls are built of the jasper stone,  
The Lamb shall be seated on his throne,  
And never shall night be there.

The streets of that city are golden-paved,  
 And each gate is made of a pearl,  
 The river from out of the throne sings sweet,  
 As it runs along by the golden street;  
 And the leaves of the tree unfurl.

For the tree of life in the midst thereof  
 Has leaves for the nations saved;  
 None evermore shall be scattered and peeled,  
 For the awful wounds of sin are healed,  
 And men walk in the streets gold-paved.

At last we shall see Him face to face;  
 For the veil is rent away.  
 The glory of his face transcends  
 The glory of the sun, and blends  
 The night into the day.

The singing voice of the sunshine ceased,  
 For its message had been told.  
 Peace and contentment filled my heart,  
 Born of the hour spent with Him apart,  
 And the beautiful song in gold.

*A. C. A. Dean Hewe*

*Hobart, Tasmania.*

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## Hope

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Wind and clouds and a stormy sky |  
 Rain is falling.  
 But' through the mist, bright gleams  
 A star on high.  
 Pain, anguish, and an aching heart—  
 Tears are falling,  
 But, through the gloom, a beacon  
 Gleams apart.

Sunlight, laughter, and love-bright eyes;  
 Hearts are happy.  
 But threatening clouds darken  
 The azure sky.  
 Little brown seeds beneath the sod,  
 Hidden in darkness—  
 But at length comes life and light  
 From God.

*Tucson, Ariz.*

*Bergita Jespersen*

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## The Childless Woman

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The childless woman! Ah, pity her.  
 As her graces fall from her one by one,  
 Like the petals sweet from a rare, rare rose,  
 Under the heat of the noon-day sun.  
 No one to care for, just herself,  
 Nothing to live for only pelf.



The childless woman! Oh God, forgive  
 That pitiful person with heart of clay!  
 A loveless life, a life unliv'd,  
 A useless strife at the close of day.  
 No childish lips to renew her youth,  
 Her faith in God and her love of truth.

Poor, childless woman who never knew  
 The welcome note of a babe's first cry,  
 Who never bent o'er a little bed  
 With terror rent, would he live or die!  
 And no one to leave when her life is done,  
 Poor childless woman, not any one!

*Shelley, Idaho*

*Mrs. Agnes Just Reid*

## The Slumber Car

We boarded the slumber car last eve,  
 A baby dear and I,  
 The car, a rocker wide and deep  
 With firelight flickering by.

Baby laughed and clapped her hands  
 As back and forth we swayed,  
 And tossed her curls and watched with glee,  
 The comical shadows made.

We played that I was a brakeman bold  
 On the train to Sleepytown,  
 While baby was one of the passengers,  
 In cunning cap and gown.

And the mother close by the open door  
 Was the trusty engineer,  
 Whose steady hand would guide the train  
 To Sleepytown so near.

Now we rush over rivers, we dash through towns,  
 What wonderful sights we see;  
 There was never before such a rollicking ride  
 As was taken by baby and me.

But at last we came to the old, old bridge  
 Kept by the Sandman tall,  
 Who sifts the sand into baby eyes  
 When twilight begins to fall.

Then hushed were the merry, prattling lips  
 And stilled was the dimpled hand,  
 While slowly I swayed the rocker then  
 For we'd reached the Sleepyland.

Then softly I called for the engineer,  
 Through the door that stood ajar,  
 And gently placed in her loving arms  
 The pet from the Slumber Car.

*San Diego, Calif.*

*Dorothy C. Retsloff*

## In Summer Time on Sagar's Hill

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In Summer time, on Sagar's hills,  
 White cloud ships sail the sky.  
 The sun's a yellow, rolling sheen  
 That scatters gold across the green;  
 And life is all a glad desire  
 To feel the heart of nature thrill—  
 Thrill with music from the breeze,  
 Wafting through the aspen trees  
 Where gentle zephyrs kiss the laughing rill.

Across the rolling Sagar's hills,  
 Wild mountain flowers bloom;  
 White lilies greet the rosy dawn,  
 And sleep with evening's gloom.

O'er sunny hill and shady dell  
 The wily coyote's cry resounds,  
 Over the hills the echo bounds  
 To the valley's depth below.

In Summer time, on Sagar's hills,  
 Dame Nature's reign is o'er.  
 The plowman's song at evening rings;  
 It's a happy song he sings,  
 As o'er the damp and fragrant ground he plods,  
 With tired limbs but happy heart,  
 Towards his cabin home.

O Summer time, on Sagar's hills,  
 'Tis just the time and place.  
 I feel the breath of freedom there—  
 The freedom of my western land.  
 On Sagar's hills, in Summer time—  
 In hazy Indian summer time,  
 I feel the breath of freedom there.

*Nephi, Utah*

*Ezra J. Poulsen*

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## What Have You Sown?

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What have you sown, my dear brother?  
 Just stop a moment to think;  
 Kindness you've done for another?  
 Just stop a moment to think.

What have you sown in your pathway,  
 In this world of toil and strife?  
 What have you done day after day,  
 To lighten a darker life?

What have you done for troubled souls?  
 Have you giv'n a kindly smile  
 To urge them on nearer the goal,  
 Pressing forward all the while?

Have you done for others a kindly deed,  
 Lightening their loads tomorrow?  
 Have you helped someone sadly in need,  
 Comforting them in their sorrow?

And given laughter for sadness,  
 So smoothing the roughest road?  
 Noticed the weary one's gladness,  
 When helping him with his load?

Have you sown, in earthly career,  
 All the things which God above  
 Has ordered to comfort and cheer  
 Unfortunate ones we love?

If not, let us begin anew,  
 Avoiding vice, temptation,  
 Heeding the glorious teachings true,  
 That bring lasting salvation.

Brigham City, Utah

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Geo. A. Ipsen

## Rejoice, Rejoice, Hawaii

(Tune: An angel from on high)

(Sung by Laie Choir in the Hui Hui, of July, 1920)

*(Solo)*

Rejoice, rejoice, Hawaii,  
 Your fathers you have found.  
 Rejoice, rejoice, Hawaii,  
 And let your strains resound,

*(All)*

From out of Israel you have traced  
 Your fathers; you're a chosen race,  
 From out of Israel you have traced  
 Your fathers; you're a chosen race.

Led by the Prophet Lehi;  
 They came to Zion, blessed,  
 From there they sailed to reach  
 Hawaii in the west.

For Hagoth sailed from Nephi's land,  
 Until he reached Hawaii's strand;  
 For Hagoth sailed from Nephi's land,  
 Until he reached Hawaii's strand.

And from Hawaii southward  
 Were peopled all the isles;  
 'Twas God who led them forth,  
 And now he on you smiles.

For in Hawaii he has raised  
 A temple! Hail! the Lord be praised!  
 For in Hawaii he has raised  
 A temple! Hail! the Lord be praised!

Come, all ye island Saints,  
 The dreadful day is near;  
 Elijah has descended,  
 Come, to his voice give ear;

For all your fathers known by you  
 Asked for the work that you must do,  
 For all your fathers known by you  
 Asked for the work that you must do.

*Laie, Oahu, Hawaii*

*O. H. Barlow*

## Faith and Works

Two seamen once a voyage planned  
 Across a billowy way.  
 "We'll steer in lifeboats each alone,  
 (The Captain says we may)  
 To an emerald isle, a paradise  
 Where many a boat has sped,  
 And make it our eternal home,"  
 In ecstasy they said.

They set afloat with each a boat  
 As strong as one could ask,  
 But O! how soon in gloom they stopped  
 Unequal to the task.  
 "Why here in darkness must we wait?"  
 "Hail, pilot, hail," they cried,  
 "While others pass us by in haste  
 We're drifting with the tide."

"The Captain saw your destinies  
 And sent me here to you  
 To re-adjust your oars," he said,  
 Not faith, not works, will do;  
 The oar of Faith, the oar of Works  
 Together steer you there  
 To where your friends, in that fair clime,  
 Your love and triumph share."

And so it is with you and me:  
 Each, giv'n a lifeboat strong,  
 Must make his oars both faith and works  
 If he would sail along  
 The way He bade us come to Him,  
 In doubt no further roam.  
 Not faith, not works, but faith *and* works  
 Together take us *Home*.

*Vernal, Utah.*

*Lucy Goodrich Lincoln.*

## The Lincoln Highway

To one who clothes his secret visions  
 In a garb of common clay  
 Came a dream, divinely fashioned,  
 Of a marvelous highway



That, through mountains and o'er prairies,  
Should extend from sea to sea,  
Binding East and West together  
And a nation's high-road be!

But it needs the hoards of Mammon  
As did monuments of old—  
If we cannot from our coffers  
Pour a wealth of hard-won gold,  
We can mix cement and mortar,  
We the plank or beam may hold,  
Artist, minstrel, singer, poet,  
Each may help with his own art;  
Love shall teach our hands to labor  
If we seek to do our part.

And the dweller in the desert  
And the herder by the hill  
Each shall ken a higher duty  
And a greater task fulfil,  
Than a petty round of toiling  
For a recompense of bread!  
For each soul 'neath freedom's banner  
With heart's manna shall be fed

In the name of one who led us  
Up from valleys dark and dread  
Where grim War's sardonic humor  
Ruthless heaped its swaths of dead—  
One whose heart knew bitter sorrow;  
Whose right to fame his bloom hath bought;  
In the name of noble Lincoln  
Shall this miracle be wrought!

*Maud Baggarley.*

## Morning

O, the glory of the morning;  
List the meadow lark's sweet tune;  
What a world of joy and music  
On this pearly morn of June.

Let me hear the sweet toned music  
That is wafted on the breeze.

Give, O give me now the hillside;  
From the haunts of men apart,  
Where the myriad tones of nature  
To her music tunes my heart.

Let me put aside all baseness;  
Love and music fill my soul;  
Tune my feelings to the rhythm  
Of the waters as they roll.

Let me hear the doves a-calling;  
To each other from the trees,  
*Provo, Utah*

O, the glory of the morning;  
O, the beauty of the world;  
What a gladness fills creation  
As the tents of night are furled.  
*Samuel Biddulph*

## The Oak

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In humble dell  
An acorn fell.

When came again  
The warm spring rain,  
Its wintry shell  
Began to swell.

As seedling burst,  
Appeared at first  
A tiny shoot,  
And then a root  
Sent forth a stem  
To marvel all  
Who soon should see  
The future tree.

Long years have past,  
We view at last  
An oak so vast  
That many knew  
How large it grew.

Now do but see  
This sturdy tree  
*Rexburg, Idaho*

In early spring  
Bring birds on wing  
To work and sing,  
While building nests  
For feathered guests.

Not birds, but all  
Have heard the call,  
And romped and played  
In old oak's shade.

Can it be true  
The old oak knew  
The good it wrought,  
The joy it brought  
To heart of man  
In life's brief span?

Oh, none can tell,  
But know full well  
Our birth on earth  
Must be of worth  
To others still,  
If we fulfil  
Our Maker's will.

*John H. Squires*

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## The Stone Path Speaks

I'm nothing but a path of stone,  
But many are the feet  
That pass my way both night and  
day,  
Now up, now down, the street.

Their tripping feet come lightly by,  
With hops and skips between,  
Proclaiming care-free childhood  
Is living out its dream.

A lilted football now vibrates,  
That tells this tale to me,  
"I'm buoyant youth, with confidence,  
Of better things to be.

"And when come soft steps mingl-  
ing,

Like music on the way;  
I know it is love's sweet June time  
And life's most glorious day.

"Now with a firm precision,  
A rhythmic tread I hear,

*Provo, Utah*

Which avers: 'There goes forward  
A soul devoid of fear.'

Oftimes there come the loitering  
feet,

That halt upon the road;  
Methinks, some one too careless  
grows,

Or bears not well his load.

But, ah! the feet abhorrent,  
Are those that skulk by night,  
And 'neath the shrouding darkness,  
Leave imprint of their blight.

A noxious army such appear,  
All vigilant for prey;  
I ask no voice to speak of these  
Who desecrate my way.

For I am just a path of stone  
That must expression find  
Through the divinest gift of man,  
The miracle of mind.

*Grace Ingles Frost*

# Under the Curse

## All Creation Groans

By James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

The Lord God spake unto Adam the transgressor, saying: *"Cursed is the ground for thy sake \* \* \* Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee. \* \* \* In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."* (Gen. 3:17-19.)

This seemingly dire pronouncement would be enigma or fiction did it not mean that a great change was thereby directly brought upon the earth and its inhabitants. A Divine commandment had been broken, and the penalty was inevitable. Since the time of its infliction, man has had to struggle against untoward conditions; and, whereas prior to the Fall, Eden had yielded abundantly of all that was good for beast and man, transgression brought about a fallen state of both animate and inanimate nature.

The Scriptures reveal a significant analogy between the earth as a stellar unit, and man—both with respect to the present and future state of each. Both have come under the curse, and both shall eventually be redeemed therefrom.

In the course of a revelation from God to Enoch, the earth is personified, and her groans and lamentations over the wickedness of men were heard by the prophet: *"And it came to pass that Enoch looked upon the earth; and he heard a voice from the bowels thereof, saying: Wo, wo is me, the mother of men; I am pained, I am weary, because of the wickedness of my children. When shall I rest, and be cleansed from the filthiness which is gone forth out of me? When will my Creator sanctify me, that I may rest, and righteousness for a season abide upon my face?"*

Following further revelation as to the then future course of mankind in sin and in the rejection of the Messiah who was to be sent, Enoch wept with anguish and asked of God: "When shall the earth rest?" It was then shown unto him that the resurrected Christ shall return to earth in the last days and establish a millennial reign of peace: *"And the Lord said unto Enoch: As I live, even so will I come in the last days, in the days of wickedness and vengeance. \* \* \* And the day shall come that the earth shall rest; but before that day the heavens shall be darkened, and a veil of darkness shall cover the earth; and the heavens shall shake, and also the earth; and great tribulations shall be among the children of men."* (Pearl of Great Price, pp. 42 and 44.)

That the earth itself fell under the curse incident to the Fall, and that even as man shall be redeemed so shall the earth be regenerated, is implied in Paul's words: "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." (Rom. 8:22, 23.)

The earth has to undergo a change analogous to death and to be regenerated in a manner comparable to a resurrection. References to the elements melting with heat, and to the earth being consumed and passing away, such as occur in many Scriptures, are suggestive of death; and the new earth, really the renewed or regenerated planet, may be compared to a resurrected organism. The change has been likened unto a transfiguration. (Doctrine and Covenants 63:20-21.)

Every created thing has been made for a purpose; and everything that fills the measure of its creation is to be advanced in the scale of progression, be it an atom or a world, an animalcule, or man.

In speaking of the degrees of glory provided for his creations, and of the law of regeneration and sanctification, the Lord, in a revelation through the Prophet Joseph Smith, tells plainly of the approaching death and subsequent quickening of the earth. These are his words: "*And again, verily I say unto you, the earth abideth the law of a celestial kingdom, for it filleth the measure of its creation, and transgresseth not the law. Wherefore it shall be sanctified; yea, notwithstanding it shall die, it shall be quickened again, and shall abide the power by which it is quickened, and the righteous shall inherit it.*" (Doctrine and Covenants 88:25-26.)

Because some orbs have been disrupted and, as worlds, destroyed, and so hath the Lord averred (see Pearl of Great Price, pp. 6 and 7) we are without warrant for assuming that this shall be the fate of all the heavenly bodies. Astronomers admit that there may be many invisible worlds in space, of structure too fine and of matter too tenuous to be observed by our dull vision. These may be celestialized orbs, tenanted by celestial beings, perceptible only to celestialized senses.

Following the millennial rest for the earth and peace for its inhabitants, and the intermediate period depicted in Scripture (see Rev. 20:7-15), the sanctification of the earth shall be effected, as the prophets have spoken: "*And there shall be a new heaven and a new earth; and they shall be like unto the old, save the old have passed away, and all things have become new.*" (Book of Mormon, Ether 13:9; see also Rev. 21.)



# Learning by Doing

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*By Prof. J. C. Hogenson, Utah Agricultural College*

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"Be Prepared" is one of the laws of the boy scouts. It is expressed in another way by the motto of the Utah Agricultural College, which is, "Labor is Life." These two laws, if one would be successful, hold true, no matter what one's station in life might be.

For instance, one month last year, eighty scout masters from different parts of Utah and Idaho spent a week at the Agricultural College, in one of the short courses, actually doing the things exactly as they are expected to have their scouts do them at home. These men went home filled with new ideas, enthusiasm and inspiration, and will no doubt fill the boys who come under their charge, with new desires and ambitions. So with the vocational teacher, the dairymen, the auto mechanic, the farmer, the housewife, the inspector, each receives much of value to take home with him.

The work of the scout or scout master takes him largely out into the realm of nature, than which there is no greater teacher. There is nothing which broadens one's life so much, or which, when understood, brings one so much real joy and satisfaction as to be acquainted with at least some phases of nature. The birds then inspire by their sweet songs and their gay plumage. The meadow lark's varied notes thrill as she passes by; the trees inspire by their majestic and stalwart growth, their giant strength and artistic beauty; the shrubs by the variety of colors of their foliage and flowers; the flowers by their delicate tints of color and their variety of forms and shapes; the weeds, indeed, by their number, their quick growth, and their persistency and determined tenacity to life; the grains, by their usefulness, their green and golden colors waving in the breezes; their seeds, so varied in size and shape and color; the grasses, by their carpet of green and the fragrant odor of newly mown hay. To know all of the various kinds, varieties, and species, is indeed a rare accomplishment, but the scout's work makes a good beginning. It makes him understand and appreciate more thoroughly the beauties and wonders with which God has surrounded him. It causes him to see the glory of God and the majesty of his handiwork in a new and far greater light than

ever before. This knowledge enables him to say with Shakespeare, I find:

“Tongues in trees,  
Sermons in stones,  
Books in the running brooks,  
And good in everything.”

And with Tennyson:

“Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
And hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower, but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I would know what God and man is.”

And with Bryant:

“To him who in the love of nature holds  
Communion with her varied forms,  
She speaks in various language;  
For his gayer hours, she has a voice of gladness,  
And a smile and eloquence of beauty,  
And she glides into his darker musings  
With a mild and healing sympathy,  
That steals away their sharpness  
Ere he is aware.”

The vocational teacher has a great responsibility resting upon his shoulders. It is the duty of such a teacher to train the boys and girls who come under his care for usefulness in life, in such a way that they will fit most efficiently into the life of the community in which they live, and at the same time be able to get the greatest amount of joy, satisfaction, and remuneration out of it. In other words, the vocational teacher must be able to fit the course to the child and the community instead of making the child and the community fit into a fixed course of study. The teacher, therefore, who is not in sympathy with, and who does not appreciate rural life, has no business teaching in a rural high school. He will draw his pupils away from the community instead of making them appreciate it more. The vocational teacher does not do his full duty to his community, who, after he has taught there for six months, is not familiar with, and is not telling his pupils about the problems that confront the people of that particular community. In order to function properly, the teacher's influence must extend far beyond the four walls of the school room into every home from which his pupils come, it must enter into their everyday lives. The vocational teacher must sometimes be able to take

the place of father, and be able to say with DeWeese in his book, *The Bend in the Road*:

"Show me a boy who is a terror to the neighborhood, who breaks windows, destroys property, and seems to delight in wanton lawlessness, and I will show you a boy whose father has never taken time to direct his youthful energies into proper channels. Show me a boy who delights in low and mean vices, and I will show you a boy whose father has neglected to play with him, who has never become acquainted with him, and who has allowed the imaginary demands of business and work to keep him out of the confidences and companionship of his boy. Show me a boy whose body is stunted and undeveloped, whose mind seeks the low levels of life, and I will show you a boy who has never lived understandingly under the blue sky and green trees. Show me a boy who is neglectful of his home duties, who continually pines to get away from home, and I will show you a boy who does not understand the common things of life, whose father has given him no interest in the work he has daily performed, and has allowed him no share in its planning or its profits."

Be he teacher, scout master, auto mechanic, farmer, inspector, or dairyman, these short courses in the college give each one in attendance in a condensed form, inspiration and practical knowledge in his own particular field, and so enables him to take it home with him to help to inspire others in the better and more systematic development and handling of their work. Thus it helps to develop the community, the State and the Nation to a higher standard of living.

Finally, in closing, let me give one more quotation which I often recall in moments of introspection. It is from one of the Eastern sages who epitomizes his philosophy thus:

"He who knows not, and knows that he knows not, is a child—teach him.  
He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool—shun him.  
He who knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep—wake him.  
He who knows, and knows that he knows, is a leader—follow him.

*Logan, Utah.*

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## Bits of Philosophy

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When there are "ifs," "ands," and "buts" in your way, bif out the "ifs" and butt out the "buts."

Do the little things in a big way, then you will be able to do the big things in a bigger way.

The way to keep your blessings is to keep on being thankful for them.

Praise is the heart's fragrance rising to meet the smile of God.

Two supremely great things any one can do: set a soul aflame with living faith and break a heart with godly sorrow for sin.

*Nephi Jensen*

# The Tobacco Habit from a Financial Viewpoint

By *Frank W. Harris*

Much has been said of the evil effects of tobacco upon the human system, both mentally and physically. I desire to point out to the young men of the Church, who refrain from the use of tobacco, just what will be their most probable saving in dollars and cents, over and above that of the boys who acquire the habit. Few boys will spend ten cents per day for tobacco when first beginning the habit, but I am acquainted with men who spend two, three, and even four times that amount per day. Hence, I feel sure that users of tobacco will spend an average of ten cents per day from the time they begin to the age of fifty and upward. Figuring thus, a man would spend \$36.50 per year. If he begins at the age of fifteen, at the age of sixty, covering a period of forty-five years, he will have spent \$1,642.50. Thus the boy who stands aloof from the use of tobacco, is \$36.50 farther ahead financially each year than the boy who uses it. If he places this amount in the bank on a savings account, at four per cent interest, computed semi-annually, at the end of the forty-five year period, this yearly deposit of \$36.50 and accumulated interest thereon, will have amounted to \$4,465.35; a handsome little amount for any man to have in his old age, and an easy way of getting it. I am sure it would also add cheer in his declining years to realize and appreciate its being the fruit of his own efforts and will-power. I am much interested in the success of young men and their welfare in the Church. I trust the M. I. A. slogan, "We stand for the Non-use and Non-sale of Tobacco" will be a power for good in the lives of all, as it has been in mine. I have three excellent young sons and have decided to place to their credit in the bank, \$36.50, as an M. I. A. slogan fund, at the end of each year, so long as they refrain from the use of tobacco, and while they are living with me. When they are of age, and go out on their own resources, they will no doubt be interested enough and strong enough to go on adding to the fund each year in the way I have started them.

*Grace, Idaho*



# Historic Pioneer Grounds

*By Charles L. Ray*

Just out from the present city of Omaha, going north along the west bank of the Missouri river, lies the quiet little city of Florence, as it is known today. Those familiar with Church history would recognize it by its one-time name of Winter Quarters. Here it was that the Saints, who crossed the plains in an early day, outfitted for Utah, and began the long journey of a thousand miles to the valleys of the mountains. The place is of great historical interest, and is visited annually by a number of tourists. President Grant and Presiding Patriarch Hyrum G. Smith have been among the distinguished visitors of the past year.

Tradition has it that the large tree (shown in picture) was planted by President Young. Today it is one of the historic



*Left: A picture of the "Great Tree" planted by President Brigham Young. It is one of the historic trees of Nebraska.*

*Right: A view of the Missouri river at or near where the "Mormons" crossed to begin their journey westward.*



*A picture of "Winter Quarters" cemetery as it is today. Upwards of five-hundred Latter-day Saints are buried here in unidentified graves.*

trees of the State of Nebraska, and it seems to have incorporated all the strength of character of that great empire-builder, for it requires three persons with outstretched arms to reach around the mammoth trunk, and the foliage of the giant Cottonwood reaches out over an area a hundred feet in diameter.

A house built by President Young is situated a short distance westward. Its unusual but stable framework is a quaint reminder of its history.

Immediately west of the house and tree, a bluff rises with gentle slope, and on the top is the cemetery where upwards of five hundred faithful Saints are buried, who succumbed to the hardships of the journey westward. As one contemplates the trials of the early Saints, in the solitudes of this the last resting place for so many, the words of the song comes to mind touchingly and forcefully:

When first the glorious light of truth  
 In this last age burst forth,  
 How few there were, with heart and soul  
 Could feel its real worth!  
 Yet of those few how many  
 Have passed from earth away,  
 And in their graves are sleeping,  
 Till the resurrection day!

The cemetery today is in abject ruin, but with a little improvement could be made into a nice park. Most of the graves are unidentified as the crude tombstones have long since decayed, or become impossible of deciphering. The picture shows

a view taken in the Southwestern part of the cemetery. The iron railings are a recent addition, members of the Reorganized church having been buried here also, hence their presence.

The old Florence Bank building still stands with its characteristic "Mormon" permanency of construction. It is still used as a bank, although its antiquated structure recalls a day that has now passed into history forever.

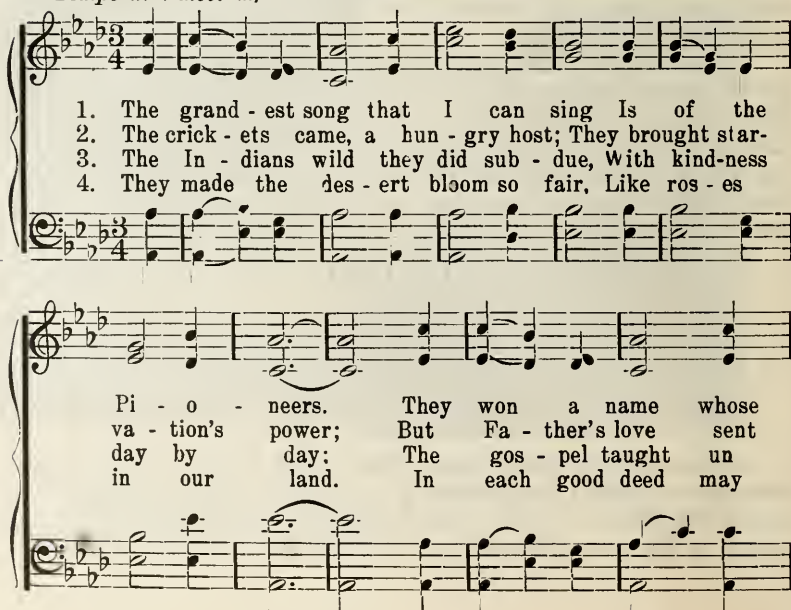
With the advancing of time since the days when Florence was a "Mormon" village, the scenes have shifted. Today Omaha with two hundred thousand inhabitants and its varied enterprising business interests, has caused the western bluffs of the river to teem with life and activity, and has changed forever the vista, that met the eye of the "Mormon" pioneer, as he gazed across the Missouri river to the setting sun. And with the change the faithful work of the elders, who came eastward again with the gospel, have been rewarded. A thriving branch, with a comfortable and commodious chapel, and a corps of energetic elders, are doing their best to proclaim the message of truth that inspired and enabled the "Mormon" pioneers to do what they did in the days when Winter Quarters was established.

Omaha, Nebraska

## The Pioneers

Words and Music by JOHN M. CHAMBERLAIN.

*Tempo di Valse. mf*



1. The grand - est song that I can sing Is of the  
 2. The crick - ets came, a hun - gry host; They brought star-  
 3. The In - dians wild they did sub - due, With kind-ness  
 4. They made the des - ert bloom so fair, Like ros - es

Pi - o - neers. They won a name whose  
 va - tion's power; But Fa - ther's love sent  
 day by day: The gos - pel taught un  
 in our land. In each good deed may

last - ing fame Shines bright-er through the years,  
 from a - bove The gulls in that dark hour.  
 to them brought The straight and nar - row way,  
 I suc - ceed. As did those he - roes grand.

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The melody begins with a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, and C, then a half note D. The bass line consists of a series of chords, mostly dyads, in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is placed above the first measure of the melody.

*Tempo di Morcia.*

Then hail, all hail, that no-ble band Of hardy Pi - o-

The second system continues the melody and bass line. The tempo is marked *Tempo di Morcia.* The melody in the treble clef has a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, and C, then a half note D. The bass line continues with chords and single notes. The time signature remains 2/4.

*cres - cen - do.*  
 neers! They blaz'd the trails to U - tah's vales, For

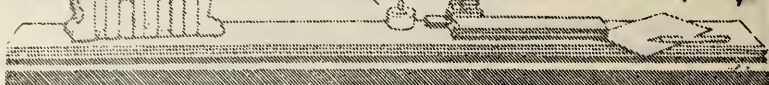
The third system includes the instruction *cres - cen - do.* above the melody. The melody in the treble clef has a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, and C, then a half note D. The bass line continues with chords and single notes. The time signature remains 2/4.

them we give three cheers. Hur-rah! hur - rah! hur - rah!

The fourth system concludes the piece with the instruction *f* (forte) below the melody. The melody in the treble clef has a half note G, followed by quarter notes A, B, and C, then a half note D. The bass line continues with chords and single notes. The time signature remains 2/4.



# EDITORS TABLE



## What Constitutes Loyal Citizenship?\*

By President Anthony W. Ivins

### *Our Slogan: We stand for Loyal Citizenship*

A little more than two weeks ago I received a telegram asking me to come immediately to Mexico. The matter of business which called me there was of very great importance to our people who had lived in Mexico and had been obliged to abandon their homes because of the revolutionary conditions which have existed there since 1912. I was obliged to leave and hurry to the point named as the meeting place of representatives of the Mexican government with me and one other party who had been appointed to negotiate the business in hand. It has been a very tiresome trip, both from a physical and mental point of view. I went as far as Hermosillo, the capital of the state of Sonora, on the west coast of Mexico, where, at this season of the year, the weather is very oppressive. The drouth is extreme in that country; no one remembers when there has been a spring as dry and warm as it is now. The business was of a nature that caused me constant anxiety—hope to be able to accomplish it, and fear that I should not.

And so, when I finally succeeded, and turned my face homeward, I felt very thankful, and when I got on this side of the line, I was just about “all in,” to use an ordinary, every-day phrase. I arrived home last evening.

It has been our custom in years past to feature some special thing in our Mutual work; we have adopted what we call a slogan; and have been successful in the past, to a very great extent, at least, in the accomplishment of that which we have undertaken to do, so far as it applied to our state. Our present year's slogan, as announced by Brother Roberts: “We stand for Loyal Citizenship,” certainly is of as great importance as any that we have ever had; for without good citizenship all of our hopes, our aspirations, and our endeavors, would be in vain.

Loyal citizenship, as it applies to the people who make up the republic of the United States of America, differs from that

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\*Delivered at the M. I. A. Conference, June 11, 1921.

of any other people in the world. Of course, fundamentally, good citizenship is the same everywhere; but, after all, when you come to analyze the question, it is the proper regard for and application of the laws of the country in which one lives; and so, just in proportion as those laws are fundamentally correct and necessary for the well being of society, it is more or less important that we be familiar with them, that we honor and uphold and sustain the law and those who frame and administer it. I suppose that even if the laws of a country were in part bad, good citizenship would prompt one to be loyal to them. I have always felt in my heart that the only safety that society has is in proper observance of law—that we honor it, not only by the declaration that we make, but by the lives which we live.

And there is no other country in which laws exist that are just like the laws which exist in the United States. The fundamental law of no other nation was framed as was the fundamental law of our country. At the time that this continent was discovered and began to be developed, the old world had already been divided into a great multitude of nations and peoples—usually peoples speaking one language, peoples with traditions and prejudices and religion which differed from those of their neighbors. They were not friendly to one another, in many respects, although in a general way friendship was professed.

And then there came a time when this new world was discovered, when people began to flock to it. Those people brought with them the prejudices, the errors, and the traditions of the old world. Fortunately for us, the traditions of no particular people prevailed. When the time finally came, in the providence of the Lord, that this was to become an independent nation, there was brought together a combination of temperaments which had never before been brought together in the history of the world. To the devoted faith of the Puritans of New England was added the sturdy patriotism and integrity of the Dutch at New York, the gallantry of the cavalier in Virginia, and (afterward) the light-hearted energy of the French from New Orleans.

These men, under the influence which must of necessity have prevailed in such a body, evolved our present system of government—not a government of Englishmen, not a government of Dutchmen, and not a government of cavaliers, nor a government of French, but a composite government embodying the best ideals of these various peoples. To the astonishment of the world, these people, whom the old world regarded as a mob, made the declaration for the first time, at least in modern times,

that men and women were endowed by God with certain inalienable rights, rights which could not, in justice, be taken from them—that among those rights it was their privilege to enjoy life and pursue happiness, to transact business, to acquire wealth, in their own way, after their own manner—but with this one fundamental doctrine, which we must never forget, that in doing so they must not infringe upon the rights of their fellows. They declared that it was the right of men to worship God according to the dictates of conscience, let them worship how, where, or what they might, or not worship at all. They declared this to be a country free to all men, and they invited the people of all nations—not of any particular nation, but the people of all nations—to come here and participate in its blessings. This one restriction only was placed upon them: the moment they set their feet upon American soil and complied with the requirements of citizenship they were endowed with the same privileges that every other man enjoyed, but they must leave behind them the traditions of the old world, they must forswear allegiance to all other governments, to all kingdoms, to any potentate, to any emperor. They must become one with these elements to which I have referred, in the development of the new world. And when that declaration was once made, they then became citizens of this Republic, each with the same rights granted to every other man.

It was under circumstances of this kind, my brothers and sisters, that the fundamental law of our government was framed, that the Constitution was given to us, that there was provided for us a Congress to which we might send our representatives, that laws may be there enacted for the government of the people. Provision was made for the execution of those laws, the administration of them, not by the same men that enacted them, because that would be dangerous; but the legislative powers of the government and the executive powers were so separated that fundamentally it made the framing and administration of our laws secure and safe to the people. So we have gone on now for all these years under this system.

Now, what constitutes loyal citizenship to these principles? I have always considered it a very simple thing; it is not a thing upon which one needs to enlarge greatly. In the first place, good citizenship is very dependent upon good laws, and good laws are entirely dependent upon good citizenship. No matter how just the law may be, no matter how righteous may have been the men who enacted it, whenever a time comes that it becomes possible for any power to so corrupt the administration of the law that it is not righteously administered among the people, the law has no effect. And so we depend upon the



righteousness of the citizenship of the country to properly administer even the best of laws.

The country, into which I have just gone, south of us, had government established in it long before ours had; it had religion there, long before we had religion in the United States. But, unfortunately for that country, there was no diversity of elements in the organization of its fundamental laws, the laws which have governed it from 1520 until now. You only need to become acquainted with it, as I have, to appreciate the difference. The traditions, the errors, the enmities, the selfishness of the old world was brought to that country and planted there. No Englishmen were there, no Dutch, no French—it was purely Spanish; and, quite naturally (and I say it without any desire to criticize), Spain attempted to adapt the country to its way of doing. I thought of it every moment that I was away. The moment I crossed that imaginary line which separates the two countries, there, in a country rich in natural resources as few countries in the world are rich; there where nature has done so much and man so little; there in those old cities which were old before we built cities in the United States, I found myself in a new world, a world which when it learns this lesson of loyal citizenship will rapidly develop.

I pray that this development may come; I believe that it will. Never before, in my life—and I have experienced it many times—did I more thoroughly appreciate the fact that I was a citizen of this great republic of ours, than I did when I crossed the line again, just eight days ago today.

Good citizenship teaches restraint; it teaches patience; it teaches the doctrine that if a man does wrong we shall take him before a court, and he shall be heard there, and witnesses shall appear against him, and that no judgment shall be rendered against him until a jury or judge has rendered a decision. That is a thing that we must always remember—that old, fundamental, English doctrine. Thank the Lord for it; he brought it into the world—inspired the English people to rise up in their strength and declare that men should not be punished without an impartial hearing by their peers; and that was brought over here and made a part of our law.

Now, the relationship of the Church to good citizenship, to my way of thinking, is fundamentally necessary. I do not mean to imply by that, that good citizenship, patriotic citizenship, is not possible without religious conviction, because I believe that it is—and if a man is loyal and law-abiding, patriotic, ready to bear his part of the burdens of citizenship, as he enjoys its blessings, he becomes a loyal citizen, regardless of his religious convictions; but religion is that act by which man



recognizes God and his allegiance and responsibility to, and dependence upon him; and once this faith is planted in the hearts of men and women, it then becomes easy for them to be law-abiding; they love law; they love order; they love patience; they love mercy and charity and goodness, all of which find their way into the enactment and execution of laws by which people are governed.

My idea of loyal citizenship is just to abide loyally by the laws of our state and country, to sustain loyally the men who enact those laws, and the men who execute them. You ask me the question, Does our citizenship require us to sustain and uphold men who are not righteous in the administration of the law; does it require us to acknowledge and sustain and uphold laws which are not just? No, it does not; but it requires that those laws be changed or abrogated or amended if experience proves that they are not good, wholesome laws; and the same with men who administer them. There may be times when men go wrong; there may be times when they sell the authority which they have for money; there may be times when they are not honest; there may be times when it becomes necessary to remove them; but that, too, must be done lawfully; it must be done patiently; it must be done in the order that is provided by the law of the country, and not arbitrarily.

My idea of citizenship is, to be true to every principle of right, as our conscience prompts us to do the right. God has planted in the hearts of all men knowledge of good and evil, and I believe that no man or woman does wrong without knowing it. That is what makes us responsible before God and before the law for our acts. We know it. The savage that goes out to steal goes in the night. Why does he do it? Because he is afraid someone will see him. He knows that he is taking that which does not belong to him. The cannibal of the South Sea Islands, if you will study the stories of the old days of cannibalism, you will find, went off alone into some remote bay or obscure forest, there to feast upon the bodies of his victims. They knew that it was not a proper thing to do. Something in the savage heart told them that. That is the part of God that is in them and in all of us. Whenever we violate that, either as it applies to our loyalty to the Church or to the Government, we cease to be good citizens as we might and ought to be, and we cease to be devoted members of the Church to which we profess allegiance, as we might be.

So that if you will just do the right thing, as your conscience prompts you, the thing that you do, and the thing that you say—if it brings happiness to you, if it brings peace, if it warms your soul and your spirit, you may be pretty well assured that

you have not done the wrong thing; and if it brings regret, if it brings pain to your heart, if your spirit feels oppressed and heavy, it is a mighty good thing to go and undo that which you have done, and make amends for it, and remember that you do it no more.

I believe, my brethren and sisters, if we will just govern ourselves by this simple rule, that we will make this slogan of ours of very great benefit to all of us, and when the end of the year shall come, and we better understand our duty and our obligation toward the government in which we live, to the laws which we ourselves have enacted through our representatives, greater peace, greater devotion, greater loyalty will come to all of us, to the Church, to the State.

I pray for these things. I have tried to labor for them all my life. They are principles that have been burned into my soul from my youth. I have learned them as I have studied the history of nations, and I believe that no nation can stand without them. The world trembles today because of disregard for law, because of the lawlessness which exists, because the voice of the people has been smothered and the voice of the few has been made dominant. The Lord has told us in the Book of Mormon, told us in the Doctrine and Covenants, that the voice of the people is the voice of God; and if it is the voice of God, it always speaks for the truth and acts for the truth. And whenever the time comes that the majority of the people turn away from that doctrine—whenever, through selfishness or ambition, they turn away from it and give their voice to that which is evil—woe betide them. It has resulted in the downfall of every nation of antiquity that has existed, and it just as surely applies to us as it applied to them. We cannot live, the government cannot exist, unless righteous laws be enacted and there be righteous men to administer them.

God bless you in your work, my brethren and sisters, in your associations. We pray for you; we help you in every way that we can. It is an important work. We must not tire in it: we must not conclude that it is a useless effort. It is not, and has not been. While its development may not appear to us to have been as great as we have desired; if there were brought together the accumulated blessings and benefits which have come to the Church and to the world through this organization, the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church, we would be astounded at the magnitude and importance of it. Amen.

*Our slogan: We stand for Loyal Citizenship.*

## The M. I. A. Annual Conference

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The General Conference of the Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A. held in June of this year was perhaps the most successful from every point of view that has ever been held by these organizations. Superintendent Anthony W. Ivins, speaking of the conference as pertaining to the young men said: "There is at this conference a larger attendance of representatives than upon any other similar occasion. The enrollment in our associations during the past year is larger than at any other period in its history. The fund has been more promptly paid and is greater for the past year than for any other year in the history of the Mutual Improvement Associations of the Church."

We believe that the exercises at the conference were of a character to inspire the workers with renewed enthusiasm in the work that lies before us for the coming season. The increase in the membership of the Y. M. M. I. A., for the year 1921, was 3,336, making a total enrollment of 43,562, according to Secretary Moroni Snow's annual report, an increase of 8.29%. The average attendance was 21,096, an increase of 2,270 or 12.05% over last year. The officers and instructors in the Association numbered 6,116, a force which, being set to work, must be a marvelous influence for the uplift of the young men throughout the Church.

The fund for the expenses of the Y. M. M. I. A. increased by \$281.90, but is still capable of further increase, as a number of the stakes failed in their quota, though the amount paid, as stated, was \$281.90 more than last year. The expenses, however, were heavier, and so there is still a deficit in the fund.

The statistical report of the Association was complete this year, every stake having reported, which has not happened before for a number of years in the past. The added impetus of monthly efficiency reports has aided materially in bringing about this result. The total number of meetings in the associations increased by 29.3%, from 30,997, in 1920, to 40,073, in 1921, and the number of young men actually taking part in M. I. A. activities increased from 15,859 last year to 25,536 this year, or 60.9%. Reports from the British, California, Canadian, Central States, Eastern States, Northern States, Southern States missions, show the number of associations in these missions to be 112, with a total membership of 2,253, and an average attendance of 1,292, with 1,139 actually taking part in the exercises, and 2,282 total meetings held.

In these missions there were forty scouts registered, and there are eighty-one doing scout work not registered in the National Organization. The M. I. A. Scouts in the Church,



registered with the National Organization, number 7,545, as against 4,528 last year, an increase of 3,017. Besides this, the number doing scout work who are not registered number 5,127, as against 3,708 last year, or an increase of 1,419.

A complete analysis of the interesting reports for this season is being compiled and will appear later. Altogether there has never been a time when the Y. M. M. I. A. has been in a more prosperous and active condition, all of which should encourage the splendid corps of over six thousand officers and teachers, engaged in the Y. M. M. I. A. cause to renewed energy, so that for this summer and next season we may still advance in this great organization among the young men of Zion.—A.

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## Fire and Tobacco

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The following is quoted from the *Insurance Press* by the *National Fire Protection Association Quarterly*, and is written by the Editor of the first named paper, Mr. Franklin Webster. The article referred to is sent the *Era* by T. C. Hoyt, Snowflake, Arizona, and begins by reciting the case of a smoker who entered a matinee in the Colonial Theatre in Boston, and discarded his cigaret in the lace dress of a lady in the lobby. Certainly it will be recognized from this that the use of tobacco is an economic menace, involving, not only an enormous property loss, but the destruction of many lives by fire:

"If smokers before lighting up were reminded that they caused a fire damage every minute of \$50 or more, it is certain that during that particular smoke they would be careful, and since both carefulness and carelessness are largely mere matters of habit, a habit in the right direction might be formed by this simple expedient. Or, if mere kindly suggestion is unavailing, then put a little more muscle in the arm of the law. If automobile drivers can be charged varying fines for careless driving, which exposes to hazard only a few lives, surely a penalty should be inflicted upon a careless smoker who jeopardizes possibly the lives of hundreds. It may very well be that we shall have to seek legislation to curb this carelessness. Anyone, who will observe the cigaret butts on sidewalks, in gutters, in car stations, or in every out-of-the-way corner of places where people congregate, will realize the extent of this evil menace. It is noted that some discarded cigarets burn their entire length, while in others the fire dies out as in a match stick that has been treated for afterglow. Assuming that differences in the character of the paper wrapper are responsible for this difference in combustibility, and in the hope that all cigarettes might be made slow-burning, an inquiry on the subject was addressed by the National Fire Protection Association to the American Tobacco Company."

Mr. Hoyt makes the following comment: "It is significantly pointed out in the article that the tobacco company did not



reply. What is the small matter of a few hundred lives lost as compared with the admission, that the use of tobacco is a recognized economic menace, involving not only an enormous property loss, but the destruction of many human lives by fire!"

"We stand for the non-use and non-sale of tobacco."—  
Y. M. M. I. A. Slogan.

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## Commended by Elder David O. McKay

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Referring to the article, by D. M. McAllister, that appeared in the *Improvement Era*, June, 1921, Elder David O. McKay, writing from New Zealand, said:

"Accept of my congratulations upon the able manner in which you have handled this most timely and interesting topic, and of my appreciation for the distinct contribution you have made to the Church literature pointing to the relationship of the Polynesians and the American Indians. During our brief visit among these peoples, we have been impressed with scores and hundreds of little things which indicate that close relationship. Already eminent anthropologists are stating authoritatively that these people are related. Let us hope that the time is near when their true origin will be so definitely proved that the world must accept them as direct descendants of the Prophet Lehi."

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## Messages from the Missions

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### Sixteen Baptisms in Bangor, Maine

An epoch making event of unusual importance occurred in Bangor, Maine, May 15, which constitutes a land-mark in the history of the Maine Conference. The day had been set apart for our semi-annual conference which included several spirited open air meetings held on the bank of the Penobscot river; a beautiful spot which had been selected because of its desirability as a place for baptism. At nine o'clock over sixty people had assembled, and an impressive service was held during which timely remarks were given. After the meeting, the candidates, numbering sixteen in all, entered into the waters of baptism, thereby complying with the third fundamental principle of the gospel. To see so many earnest investigators seeking admission into the Church was indeed a sight never to be forgotten by those present. A brief confirmation service followed, at which time the gift of the Holy Ghost was conferred upon those who had been baptized, who thus became fellow-citizens with the Saints and of the household of God. It was indeed a spiritual feast, everyone rejoicing under the rich influence of the Spirit of the Lord. Friends and investigators attending expressed themselves as being greatly impressed and well repaid for having come. Mention must also be made of the splendid picnic provided by the Saints and friends, and their efforts were appreciated by every one. It was a temporal feast indeed and went hand in hand with the spiritual feast enjoyed during the forenoon. In the evening the day's program was brought to an eventful conclusion,

by a well-attended hall meeting, at which Pres. Geo. W. McCune of the Eastern States Mission delivered an inspiring address on the truths of "Mormonism." At the close of the meeting the interest shown was so great that a second discourse was given by Pres. McCune. We feel that our miniature Pentecost was a phenomenal success but only a beginning of events to come.—*David C. Watkins and Carl W. Buehner.*



*Photo by Elder Leland B. Anderson .*

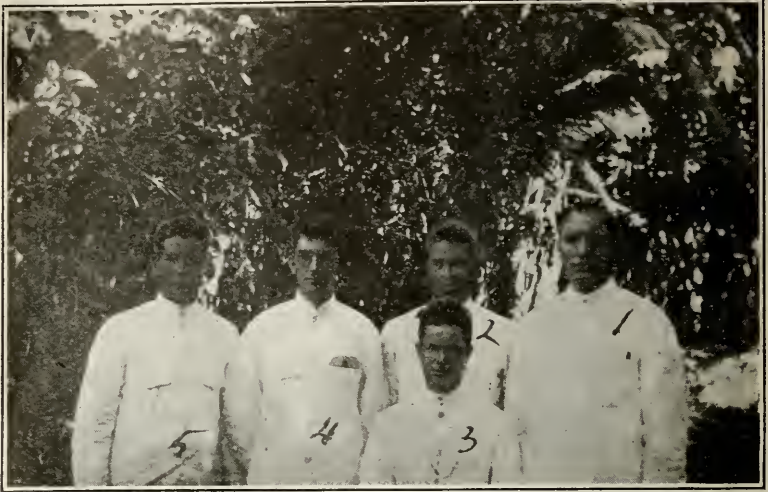
#### *Baptismal Scene in Maine*

*As sixteen converts of Bangor and Brewer, appeared on the bank of the Penobscot river before baptism. On the extreme left President David C. Watkins, of the Maine Conference, and Elder L. J. Holland.*

#### Conference in Tahiti

Writing from Orovini, Papeete, Tahiti, Society Islands, Elder Edward A. Hayes, Conference Secretary at Tubuai, sends greetings from that land in the south seas, which he denominated "the land of the blessed, where the people have the necessities of life and live unmolested by the strife and contentions of the outside world." They held a conference there on the 5th to 7th of April. Four meetings a day were held, each day beginning with a priesthood meeting, in which many valuable instructions were given by the elders, and a number of worthy natives were advanced in the Priesthood. The auxiliary organizations also were re-organized and set in working order. The first general session convened under the direction of President L. H. Kennard, Jr. In this meeting the elders bore strong testimonies to the restoration of the gospel, and the afternoon sessions were well attended by people who seemed to be thirsting for spiritual guidance. The speakers enjoyed the Holy Spirit and were thus able to freely express themselves, although speaking in a foreign tongue. Their testimonies fell upon ears that listened attentively, and we trust that seeds of truth fell upon ground where they may take root and grow. In the

last meeting the house was filled to over-flowing. Many gospel verses were recited, interspersed by native singing which added life and enthusiasm to the assembled Saints. The elders feel that the work is progressing with a zeal and earnestness that no other religious organization in the world



can have. Elders left to right: Edward A. Hayes, Grace, Idaho; L. G. McCullough, Salt Lake City; Paul A. Streber, Farmington; L. H. Kennard, Jr. Mission President, Riverside; and front, George C. Billings, Vernal, Utah.

### Mission Changes in England

Elder Harold H. Jenson, writes from Birmingham, England, May 13:

President James Gunn McKay and wife sailed for home April 20 in company with President Nicholas G. Smith of the South African Mission. Elder J. Arno Kirkham, who labored for nearly a year in the Eastern states prior to coming to England, has succeeded President McKay as president of the London conference. Elder Harold W. Bennett succeeds Sister McKay as clerk. President Charles W. Hatch was succeeded May 12, 1921, by Elder Edgar W. Jeffery, with Elder Harold H. Jenson succeeding Sister Caroline J. Hatch, as conference clerk. The Hatches held the fort alone for over a year. Sister Hatch organized the first Primary Association in Great Britain, and has also aroused great interest in genealogical work. President Virgil B. Stallings was succeeded April 24, 1921, by Elder Harold E. Brough, as president of the Nottingham conference. President Stallings also held the fort alone, except for help from local missionaries and Saints, for a long time. Elder Brough labored in the States for several months prior to assignment to England. Elder Abraham Noble has been appointed clerk of the Nottingham conference. Sister Noble is accompanying Elder Noble on his mission, and visit back to their old home in Nottingham. All three conferences have progressed under the able leadership of the retiring presidents and the future looks bright for missionary work in Great Britain with over a hundred missionaries from Zion in the field, with the *Improve-*



*ment Era* coming each month to the elders to cheer them up and keep them in touch with news from home; the writer has been asked to express appreciation to the general board of the Y. M. M. I. A. for their kindness in sending this splendid publication, gratis to the missionaries in the field. With best wishes to all my many friends, and praying God to bless you, I am, your sincere brother.



*Misionaries in Birmingham Conference, May, 1921*

Back row, left to right: Marvin L. Nielson, Tyler H. Barton, T. Elden Brown, John Owen Hughes, Earl N. Palfreyman, George R. Follick.

Front row: Harold H. Jenson, conference clerk; Caroline J. Hatch, Charles W. Hatch, outgoing conference president; Amy G. Taylor, Edgar W. Jeffery, incoming conference president

### Street Preaching in a Maine City

The following is condensed from the Portland, Maine, *Sunday Telegram*, of Sunday, June 5: "Bridge Street Square, Westbrook, was the scene of considerable excitement last evening when two 'Mormon' elders, Peter McKeller and David Watkins, both of Utah, despite the protests of the mayor and several clergymen, proceeded to hold their open-air meeting. The mayor of the city had instructed Chief of Police Hebert to request the elders that no meeting be held, so when they made their appearance, the Chief told them of the mayor's request, but stated that he would make no arrest. The elders appeared to wish to make a test case, but the Chief of Police refused to arrest them, having consulted Judge Pride and City Solicitor Bridgham. He told the elders, however, to cut their meetings short and sell no books; and besides, that while they might be acting within the law, the sentiment of the people was against their doctrine." It is learned from a letter received in the *Era* office from Elder Leland B. Anderson, that later not only were the "Mormons" refused



the privilege of holding meetings on the streets, but that likewise all other organizations that had heretofore held street meetings, were refused permission, so that now no street meetings are to be held hereafter, whereas, before, only the Latter-day Saints were refused permission to hold meetings on the streets.

### Six Added to the Church

Elder H. C. Goates, President of the Southern Indiana conference writes from Indianapolis, Indiana, May 21: "Never in the history of this branch have the prospects been brighter than at present. A splendid spirit of unity prevails among the Saints and missionaries. All meetings are well attended, the street meetings being especially good. Recently we distributed eight books of Mormon after one meeting, besides an abundance of smaller literature. We held baptismal service at Eagle Creek on Sunday, May 15. Six were added to the Church, and we look for that many more within the month. The work is greatly augmented through the efforts of local elders. Besides helping in all meetings, they are doing block teaching among the Saints. We have a splendid corps of missionaries here. Many homes are being opened for cottage meetings. We rejoice in the fruits of our labors and wish success to all engaged in the work of



the Master." Missionaries laboring in the Indianapolis branch, left to right, back row: Owen C. Staples, Kanosh, Utah; Oleen A. Lewis, Declo; John P. Chapman, Preston, Idaho; Leo H. Hamilton, Murray. Front row: Leona Jensen, Redmond; H. C. Goates, Lehi, Utah, Conference President; C. H. Parker, Lanark, Idaho, former Conference President; Harriet Ricks, Rexburg, Idaho.

# MUTUAL WORK

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## Observing Decoration Day

On Decoration Day, May 30, the Boy Scouts decorated the grave of the late Brigadier General Richard W. Young, and also the grave of little Vernon Mitchell, Troop 69. One hundred boy scouts from Pioneer stake held memorial exercises at the city cemetery. The picture shows "taps" being sounded at the grave of their companion scout, and this exercise was repeated at each grave. Then each lad marched past the resting places of their large and small comrades, placing a single blossom on the greensward. The M. I. A. Boy Scout Band was in the line-up march. At the Church Office Building, N. P. Nielson, member of the stake committee, presented the Boy Scout Band with a handsome silver-topped baton, bearing the legend, "As a token of appreciation from the scouts of the Pioneer stake



*Taps sounded at the grave of Scout Mitchell*

to the M. I. A. Boy Scout Band, May 30, 1921." Victor E. Picco, leader of the band, accepted the gift in a few well-chosen words. Dr. Richard R. Lyman, of the Boy Scout Council Executive Committee, gave a short address in memory of the late General Young. Following the Scout Band, which played a march, the staunch little line of khaki-wearing youths wended its way to the cemetery where an auto load of iris blossoms awaited them, with which they decorated the graves.



*At the Grave of Brigadier-General Richard W. Young*

### Murray in the Hands of the Boy Scouts



*Blaine Watts, Scout  
Mayor of Murray*

On May 26, the Boy Scouts of Murray, Utah, were granted the privilege by the city officials to run the city government for one hour. They selected the following officers: Mayor, Blaine Watts; Commissioner, Mervyn Sanders; Commissioner, Arden Thaxton; Auditor, Glen Wasden; Recorder, Alvin Jones; Attorney, Bruce Smith; Marshal, Robert Gerard; Fire Chief, Ralph Stone; Judge, Douglas Cutler; Electrician, William Paul; Superintendent of Schools, Ralph McClay; Engineer, Arthur Gaufin; Road Supervisor, Dewayne Wright; Health Officer, Walter Wagstaff.

Much interest was manifested, both by the scouts and the adult leaders of the community. Confidence was expressed that more real knowledge was obtained by the boys in city government and respect for citizen-leadership during this hour, than three months of study might have brought. A very interesting feature of the day's program was a parade through the business district of the city which was followed by a fire drill, the boy scouts putting on the drill themselves under the



leadership of the city fire chief. Clearing of the crowd, handling of the traffic, coupling of the hose, running the ladders, directing the help, and the control of fire, was a real inspiration. The boys really demonstrated that they were capable of rendering real public service in an hour of emergency.



*Scene on Main Street, Murray, on Boy Scouts Day*

In the evening a big rally was held in the Murray High School auditorium. A camp-fire scene with stories, splendid addresses, demonstrations in night signaling and wireless, first aid, etc., completed a very successful day in the interest of scouting.

### Resolution of Wild-life Conservation

At a separate Y. M. M. I. A. meeting at the June Conference, the following statement was made by Charles G. Plummer, M. D., who also gave a talk to the officers on health. After the statement had been read, it was moved that the officers of the convention give their approval of it, and the motion was unanimously adopted. We hope the Resolution will be read in every Y. M. M. I. A. meeting, at all the summer camps and outings, as well as at scout hikes:

Few people realize the great ethical and economic value of all species of wild-life to man. There is a widespread lack of information on this subject. So determined are some communities, expressed in the activities of some individuals, to destroy the balance in Nature created by an all-wise God, that today Americans are being protected from insect ravages



by less than 10% of the wild birds that sang their songs on this continent when man first began its settlement.

At least 27 species of birds have become extinct because of the ceaseless slaughter of these creatures in our America.

If such carelessness of man for his own safety continue, untold misery and suffering must be his heritage.

We Utahns recognize, in a measure, at least, the inestimable value of the wild birds to us. Witness the saving of the lives of the pioneers by the sacred Seagull when they came and destroyed the hords of crickets which sought to devour the crops of these early settlers. No other community, so far as history relates, has ever erected a monument to the wild birds.

With such thoughts urging us to awaken to our needs, it is resolved that it be the sense of this convention of Y. M. M. I. A., composed of Scout masters and Scout workers from their respective communities, in assembly this 11th day of June, 1921, that we take to our home communities the message of *wild life conservation*, not in the establishment of preserves for the propagation of wild birds of any species for the purpose later of killing them for pleasure, but to make every effort to create and manfully maintain real sanctuaries for the protection and saving of wild bird life, that it may unmolested pursue its life activities and guard man's every interest with the utmost capacity of its expression.

#### Y. M. M. I. A. EFFICIENCY REPORT, MAY, 1921

STAKE	Membership	Class Work	Special Activities Pr'gm	Scout Work	Slogan	"Era"	Fund	Participation in M.I.A. Programs	Stake & Ward Officers' Meetings	Ward Officers' Meetings or Teach.-Tr. Class	TOTAL
<i>Utah</i>											
Box Elder .....	10	10	5	10	10	5	5	10	10	10	85
Cache .....	10	5	.....	5	.....	5	5	.....	.....	.....	30
Hyrum ..	10	5	10	5	10	10	10	5	5	5	75
Juab .....	10	10	10	5	10	5	10	10	10	10	90
Millard .....	5	5	10	5	5	10	5	10	.....	5	60
Nebo .....	10	10	10	5	10	5	10	10	10	10	90
North Davis .....	5	5	10	5	5	10	10	10	.....	.....	60
North Weber .....	10	5	5	5	10	10	5	10	10	10	80
Roosevelt .....	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	10	10	5	60
San Juan .....	10	5	5	5	10	10	.....	10	10	.....	65
Uintah .....	10	10	.....	.....	10	5	10	10	5	5	65
<i>Idaho</i>											
Bingham .....	10	10	10	5	10	10	5	10	10	10	90
Blackfoot .....	5	10	10	5	10	10	5	10	10	5	80
Cassia .....	10	10	5	10	10	10	10	10	5	5	85
Fremont .....	10	10	10	5	10	5	10	10	5	5	80
Raft River .....	10	10	5	5	5	5	5	10	5	5	65
Shelley .....	10	5	5	5	.....	10	10	10	10	5	70
Teton 7-9 .....	10	5	5	5	5	5	10	10	10	5	70
<i>Arizona</i>											
St. Joseph .....	10	5	5	.....	10	5	5	5	5	5	55
<i>Colorado</i>											
Young 4-5 .....	10	10	10	5	5	5	5	10	5	10	75
<i>Canada</i>											
Taylor .....	10	5	.....	5	10	10	5	.....	10	.....	55
Union (Ore.) .....	10	10	10	.....	10	10	10	10	10	10	90
Juarez (Mex.) .....	10	10	10	5	10	10	5	.....	5	5	70

*Stakes Classified as per Points*

Juab .....90	North Weber ..80	Teton .....70	Millard .....60
Nebo .....90	Blackfoot .....80	Juarez .....70	Roosevelt .....60
Bingham .....90	Fremont .....80	San Juan .....65	St. Joseph .....55
Union .....90	Hyrum .....75	Uintah .....65	Taylor .....55
Cassia .....85	Young .....75	Raft River .....65	Cache .....30
Box Elder .....85	Shelley .....70		

*Stakes Not Heard From*

Alpine	No. Sanpete	Wayne	Rigby
Bear River	Ogden	Weber	Twin Falls
Beaver	Panguitch	Bannock	Yellowstone
Benson	Parowan	Bear Lake	Maricopa
Carbon	Pioneer	Blaine	St. Johns
Cottonwood	St. George	Boise	Snowflake
Deseret	Salt Lake	Burley	Big Horn
Duchesne	Sevier	Curlew	Star Valley
Emery	So. Davis	Idaho	Woodruff
Ensign	So. Sanpete	Lost River	San Luis
Garfield	Summit	Malad	Alberta
Granite	Tintic	Montpelier	Moapa
Jordan	Tooele	Oneida	North Sevier
Kanab	Utah	Pocatello	South Sevier
Liberty	Wasatch	Portneuf	Franklin
Morgan			

*Remarks*

We thank the 22 stakes which held out to the end and all the stakes which have faithfully reported for the past season. These reports have been of great benefit both to stake and general officers. At the June conference a new efficiency report, simple yet more elaborate than the one for 1921, was adopted and will be used for 1921-22. This will be explained more fully in the *Era*, and at the fall conventions. The big point to provide for is a faithful and enthusiastic secretary, in each ward and stake, who will give this interesting part of Mutual work prompt attention, and perform his task accurately and cheerfully. The new report will be a splendid check on the work, and will tend to greatly increased efficiency in our thriving and rapidly advancing organization.

**M. I. A. Monthly Activities, 1921-22**

October—An Opening Social.

November—An Evening in Honor of our Fathers and Mothers.

December—A Debate.

January—A Drama.

February—The Senior Department Entertainment.

March—Community Pride Program.

April—A Musical Festival.

May—M. I. A. Day.

**Clever New Ideas for M. I. A. Programs**

The *California M. I. A. Booster* for May, 1921, comes to hand in manuscript sheet with clever suggestions for M. I. A. work. It is published by the California mission. We select the following suggestions from it that are adaptable to Mutual Improvement Associations in stakes and other missions.

Claude C. Cornwall is the M. I. A. Superintendent, and is doing a most excellent work among the young people of that mission.

*"The Success Family," by Leon West, Los Angeles Mutual*

Father .....	Work	Mother .....	Ambition
1st Son .....	Common Sense	1st Daughter .....	Character
2nd Son .....	Perseverance	2nd Daughter .....	Cheerfulness
3rd Son .....	Honesty	3rd Daughter .....	Courtesy
4th Son .....	Enthusiasm	4th Daughter .....	Economy
5th Son .....	Co-operation	5th Daughter .....	Harmony
		The Baby .....	Opportunity

Each member of the family speaks for five minutes in allegorical representation of his character, e. g. No. 4 boy says, "I am Enthusiasm I drive away the hookworm," etc.

*"Yesterday and Today," John Larson, Oakland M. I. A.*

*Yesterday*

*Today*

Choir, Officers, etc.

Old song from hymn book	Newest song in <i>Songs of Zion</i>
Songs my mother used to sing—solo	What mother sings today—solo
The one horse shay	Auto and aero
Excerpts from old newspaper	Modern newspaper article
The town crier	Modern advertising
Organ solo	Piano duet
Exodus 21:24-25	Matt. 5:38-44.
Old hymn	New anthem

Poem, "Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud."

*"The World Round Table," Jos. F. Dorius, Los Angeles Mutual*

A table is placed on the stand and the "World" sits at the head. He asks his cabinet to help him solve the problems of the "World's" unrest. The young men and women who sit at the table represent Labor, Capital, The Press, Art, Science, The Christian Pulpit, and Society. Each in turn presents his solution. Finally the "World" turns to the young man at the end representing "The Gospel" and obtains the true solution to his problem.

*News Items and Suggestions*

Four new songs have come to the office—they are: "The Douglas M. I. A.," "The Arizona Slogan," "The Wonderful M. I. A.," and "The M. I. A. of San Jose." Send us your new song.

*Scouting conference at San Diego.* Oscar A. Kirkham, John H. Taylor, and D. E. Hammond, of Salt Lake; G. E. Goates, of Ogden, J. Karl Woods of Logan, and C. C. Cornwall of Los Angeles, were delegates to the convention. Reports made indicate that the M. I. A. is the best organization in America for Scouting. Every Latter-day Saint boy should have the privilege of this training. Your Mutual needs scouting. Send 15c for a copy of the *Y. M. M. I. A. Scout Bulletin*.

*Douglas M. I. A. conducts spring celebration.* This was an outdoor gathering at Slaughter's Ranch. They report a delightful picnic, games and sports. Prizes were given to the winners.

*Oakland mutual hikes to Boy Scout camp.* Forty-eight members of the M. I. A. had a view of the San Francisco Bay, and the bordering cities from the hilltops, April 22. They built a big bonfire and toasted marshmallows and weenies.

*Reporters: "Get on the Job."* Every Mutual should have a news writer. Some of these scribes have sent in mighty clever stories of the Mutual activities. Let us know about the big things you are doing.

*Did you conduct a Fathers and Sons' Outing last year?* If you did, of course you will be anxious for another this summer. If you did not, then here is an opportunity to do a wonderful thing. This can be made the one big event of the season. If you cannot conduct an outing, why not have a dinner where each boy brings his father? Then they can all sit around the table together, and each father will have the privilege of introducing his son. (See program, p. 730, June *Era*.)

### Medal Awarded Boy Scout for Life Saving

The following account of a life saved is sent to the *Era* by Calvin Christensen, Scoutmaster of Troop No. 2, Mt. Pleasant, Utah: On May 21, 1921, Scout Willie Barton, of Troop No. 2, Mt. Pleasant South ward Boy Scouts, was awarded a bronze medal by the National Court of Honor, because of his courage and quick action in saving the life of Scout George Wagstaff. The heroic act was performed last summer at Rain Bow Fishery where ten or twelve of the scouts had been in swimming. Scout Wagstaff was alone in the swimming pool and was walking near the edge of the water, when he fell into a hole over his head, and in his confusion he got near the center of the pool, strangled, and went under. He became frightened when he found he was unable to touch bottom, lost control of himself, and went to the bottom twice. Just as he was going down the third time, Scout Barton, who was going to his rescue, made a dive and caught him by the legs, lifting him to the surface, and swam to shore with him.

Scout Barton is Senior Patrol leader in his troop, and a veteran scout. He was the first boy in the state to qualify for the 2nd class, 1st class, merit, and veteran scout tests. Since the 1st of March, Troop No. 2 has had boys qualify for seventy-four badges. Daniel Carter Beard, chairman of the National Court of Honor wrote Barton a personal letter complimenting him, and reminding him that he is one of few boys to receive this medal.

Troop 1 and 2 are planning on a trip to Bryce canyon this summer, leaving about the 23rd of July.

### M. I. A. Reading Course, 1921-22

*The Restoration*, by Osborne J. P. Widtsoe, 75c.

*Mormon Settlement in Arizona*, published by the State of Arizona, \$2.00.

*A Man for the Ages*, by Irving Bachellor, \$2.00.

*Fire-side Stories for Girls*, by Margaret W. Eggleston, \$1.50.

*Trails to Woods and Waters*, by Clarence Hawkes, \$1.60—Total, \$7.85.

As supplementary reading, these books which have been on former reading courses:

*The Strength of Being Clean*, by Jordan.

*The Promised Land*, by Mary Antin



# PASSING EVENTS

*The birthday of Florence Nightingale*, pioneer in modern nursing, was celebrated May 12, for the first time, as a "national hospital day" in nearly 8,000 hospitals throughout the United States.

*A group of sunspots* appeared on the eastern edge of the great luminary on May 8, and was carried to the central meridian on the 15th. The extent of the group was estimated at 72,000 by 30,000 miles, and the nuclei were about 10,000 miles in diameter, according to Professor Alfred Rordame, of Salt Lake City.

*Elder James G. Duffin* passed away May 20, at his home in Salt Lake City, at the age of 61, following an extended illness from sarcoma of the throat. He was born May 30, 1860. In 1899 he was called on a mission to the Central States and in 1900 he succeeded William T. Jack as president of that mission. Mr. Duffin served as a member of the second legislature of the state of Utah. He moved to Salt Lake from Provo in 1915.

*A gram of radium* purchased by the contributions of thousands of American women was presented by President Harding, May 20, to Mme. Curie, the eminent Polish scientist, now visiting the United States, as a token of the nation's appreciation of her accomplishments and as an earnest expression of American interest in the advancement of science and humanitarianism.

*Wage reductions*, to take effect July 1, were ordered May 30 by the United States railroad labor board, as the result of a hearing of representations made by a number of railroads. The reduction affects 31 organizations of laborers in the employ of 104 roads. The average reduction is 12 per cent, and a saving in the expenses of the roads will total about \$400,000,000.

*Distinguished women visited Salt Lake City*, on the occasion of the meetings of the council of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and the convention of the Intermountain and Coast States Federation that began June 13. The council includes the officers of the general federation which represents approximately 2,000,000 women of the United States and affiliated organizations of other countries.

*The Immigration Restriction bill* was passed, May 13, by congress, in conference between the senate and house, and sent to the president. By its provisions the number of aliens to be admitted to the United States, from the time the law goes into effect and till July 1, 1922, will be restricted to 3 per cent of the nationals of each country in the United States in 1910. The bill became effective, June 3, having been signed by the president May 19.

*The first serious war operation in Upper Silesia* occurred May 21, when Germans, advancing in two columns, attacked the Poles in the Grossteiner forest. The Poles fled hurriedly. Near Gogolin four field guns, eight machine guns, and 150 rifles were captured. According to an Oppeln dis-

patch to the *Times* incessant fighting, with numerous casualties, occurred between Polish insurgents and Germans in the Rosenberg, Kreuzberg, Ratibor and Krappitz areas.

*The parliament of northern Ireland* was opened June 7 at Belfast, in the presence of a distinguished gathering. None of the nationalist and no Sinn Fein members were present. Hugh O'Neill, son of Lord O'Neill, was elected speaker, and Sir James Craig, the premier, announced the following cabinet; Home Secretary, Sir Dawson Bates; Minister of finance, R. M. Pollock; Minister of education, the Marquis of Londonderry; Minister of Labor, J. M. Andrews, and Minister of Agriculture, Hon. E. A. Richdale. It was expected that King George would attend the state opening June 22.

*Mrs. Sarah Beesley*, widow of Ebenezer Beesley, at one time the leader of the Tabernacle choir, Salt Lake City, died May 25, 81 years of age. Mrs. Beesley was born in Oxfordshire, England, in 1840. At the age of 19 she was married to the late Ebenezer Beesley, and together they made the journey to Utah, going by sailing vessel across the Atlantic and by hand-cart from Florence, Nebraska, to Salt Lake. The latter part of the journey took four months, from June to September.

*Dr. U. Worthington*, for many years a practicing physician of Salt Lake City, passed away at the family residence at Santa Monica, California, May 30. Death was due to tuberculosis. Dr. Worthington was born in Danville, Kentucky, in 1862. He was a graduate of the medical department of Teelane University, New Orleans, Louisiana. He came to Salt Lake in 1890, after a post-graduate course in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania.

*Henry Cohn*, 75 years of age, active in business circles of Salt Lake and Utah for half a century, died May 25, at his apartments in Salt Lake City, following an illness of ten days. He was born in Germany, December 24, 1845, and came to Salt Lake in 1869. He was for a number of years associated in business with Frederick and Samuel Auerbach. In 1879 he opened a commission business in Salt Lake and a few years later devoted himself largely to the buying of wool, of which he made a specialty for twenty years. He also became actively interested in real estate, mining and irrigation.

*Rioting and incendiarism at Tulsa, Oklahoma*, May 31, resulted in the death of nine white men and twenty-one negroes, and the destruction of property valued at a million and a half dollars. The negro section was set fire to by an enraged mob. The negroes rushed from their homes through the flames shouting, "Don't shoot." Placed under guard, they were collected in hastily improvised detention camps and by afternoon it was estimated 6,000 negroes were under guard. The trouble is supposed to have originated in connection with the arrest of Dick Rowland, negro, who is alleged to have attacked an orphan girl. But, according to Judge E. J. Martin, most of the damage was done by white criminals.

*The Union Pacific acquired full ownership of the Los Angeles and Salt Lake Railroad Company*, May 24, by purchase of stock and bonds held by former United States Senator William A. Clark of Montana and his associates. The Union Pacific previous to the purchase owned one half of the securities of the Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad Company.

The transfer of ownership affected \$29,000,000 of 4 per cent bonds of the Los Angeles & Salt Lake Railroad Company, for which the Union Pacific exchanged other securities, dollar for dollar.

*A disastrous fire*, caused by a flash of lightning, in the afternoon of June 11, damaged the plant of the Utah Oil Refining Company in the northwest section of Salt Lake City to the extent of about \$350,000 and caused the death of three and the injury of 46 other men. The dead are: Walter Romney, Jr., George H. Larrabee and John N. Dillon. They were killed when a sheet of flame preceding an explosion of the contents of a tank of gasoline distillate enveloped them. Some of the victims were injured by burns but most of them were exhausted after many hours of hard work fighting the flames and were overcome by the immense heat. The fire started about 6 o'clock, Saturday afternoon and was not under control until Sunday evening.

*Professor William H. Chamberlin* passed away May 9, 1921, in Salt Lake City. He was born in this city, February 12, 1870, and was well known as an educator and author. In 1897 he left his home and performed a four years' mission in the Society Islands, where he translated the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants into the Tahitian language. At his return home he took up the work of teaching in B. Y. College, Logan. In 1908 he was placed at the head of the department of philosophy at the B. Y. University, Provo. In 1919 he became associated with the University of Utah in the department of philosophy, at which time he did extension work throughout the state. Since the opening of the present school year he has been a teacher in the Brigham Young College at Logan.

*The Emergency Tariff Bill*, as passed by congress, was signed by the president May 27. It provides for duty on wheat, 15 cents per bushel; wheat flour, 20 per cent; corn, 15 cents; beans, 2 cents a pound; potatoes, 25 cents a bushel; onions, 40 cents; rice, cleaned, 2 cents a pound; peanut oil, 26 cents a gallon; cottonseed and coconut oil, 20 cents a gallon; olive oil, 40 cents a gallon, and 50 cents in containers; sheep, one year old, \$2 a head; cattle, 30 per cent; meat, fresh or frozen, 2 cents a pound; preserved, 25 per cent; cotton, 7 cents a pound; wool, 15 cents; sugars, 1.16 cents a pound, and if over 75 degrees, .04 of a cent for each additional degree; butter, 6 cents a pound; cheese, 23 per cent; milk, 2 cents a gallon; apples, 30 cents a bushel; cherries, 8 cents a pound and olives 25 cents a gallon.

*Trouble with Indians* in San Juan county, Utah, was reported May 28. It seems that a sheriff with a posse tried to arrest members of a renegade band of Piutes, when one of them, Joe Dutchups, fired on the posse and then was shot and wounded. According to Mr. C. L. Christensen, of Moab, Utah, the Indians that caused the stir, are the remnant of a band of the Kaibab tribe whose home is near Kanab, Kane county. There are only about sixty of them, all counted, and there is no danger of a serious disturbance. The chief is known as Mancos Jim, and he is said to be 109 years old. The red disturbers of the peace are six or seven young bucks who infest Allen canyon, near Blanding, and they can easily be handled by the older men and the county officials.

*Unusual high temperature* for 36 hours caused the snow in the mountains to melt rapidly and the streams to rise in many parts of Utah, with some damage to property, June 10. At Kamas the Provo river rose four feet. Above Heber City a rise of two feet was reported, and farmers were moving their household goods and cattle to places of safety. Big Cottonwood, near Salt Lake City, reached the highest water mark for many years. A bridge above Maxwell's mine was swept away. From Loa it was reported that Rabbit valley was flooded for miles. The wagon bridge over American Fork Canyon on the road to Timpanogos gave way under the pressure of flood waters. No loss of life was reported from any place. The temperature, June 10, in Salt Lake was 90 degrees. The reading at 6



o'clock p. m. was 89 degrees, while the mean temperature for the day was 75 degrees, 9 degrees above the normal of 66. The lowest temperature on June 9 was 60 degrees, on June 11 and 12 the record was 99 and 98 degrees

*Honorary degrees* were conferred upon President Charles W. Penrose and Elder George H. Brimhall, former president of the Brigham Young University, Provo, on the occasion of the forty-fifth annual commencement exercises of that institution, May 27, this year. In conferring the honorary degree of Doctor of Law upon President Penrose, President Heber J. Grant, said:

"Charles William Penrose, editor, author, poet, preacher: In recognition of your supremacy in the field of letters, and in the pulpit, and because of your service to mankind, on the recommendation of the faculty of the Brigham Young University, and with the approval of the Board of Trustees, and by the authority of the Board of Trustees in me vested, I hereby confer upon you the degree of Doctor of Laws, in testimony whereof you are invested with the appropriate hood of your Academic rank, and presented with this diploma."

To President Brimhall President Grant spoke as follows:

"George Henry Brimhall, Bachelor of Pedagogy, Doctor of Didactics: In recognition of your very distinguished service as a teacher, covering a period of half a century; and as a University President covering a period of twenty-one years; and further, in recognition of your supremacy on the platform, and in the field of letters; and because of your championship of righteousness and righteous causes, on recommendation of the Faculty of the Brigham Young University; and with the approval of the Board of Trustees, and by the authority of the Board of Trustees in me vested, I confer upon you the degree of Doctor of Laws; in testimony whereof you are invested with the appropriate hood of your Academic rank and presented with this diploma."

*Changes in Ward Officers during the month of April, 1921.*—New Wards and Bishops.—Burley Fourth ward, Burley stake, William W. Waits, bishop, address Burley, Idaho. Hollister branch, Twin Falls stake, Edward M. Webb, presiding elder, Hollister, Idaho.

New Bishops.—Baker ward, Union stake, James W. Eardley succeeded William A. Roundy, address same. Eureka ward, Tintic stake, George Nephi Finch succeeded Peter Bowp, address same. Parowan ward, Parowan stake, Hugh L. Adams succeeded Hans J. Mortensen, address same. Palmyra ward, Nebo stake, Erastus Hansen succeeded Albert T. Money, address Spanish Fork R. F. D., Utah. Joseph ward, South Sevier stake, John F. Morrey succeeded Joseph W. Parker, address same. Darby ward, Teton stake, Octavus Smith succeeded Peter Sorenson, address same. Woodruff ward, Malad stake, Benjamin Lundberg succeeded Nathan D. Yearsley, address same. St. George east ward, St. George stake, Franklin G. Miles succeeded Isaac W. Macfarlane, address same. Sutherland ward, Deseret stake, George R. Jackson succeeded Walter Roberts, address same. Mendon ward, Hyrum stake, John A. Gardner succeeded Allen L. Willie, address same. Rexburg third ward Fremont stake Peter J. Ricks succeeded Richard H. Smith address same. Inkom ward, Pocatello stake, George L. Tate succeeded E. F. Cutler, Jr., address same. Sutherland ward, Deseret stake, George R. Jackson succeeded Walter Roberts, address same. Coalville ward, Summit stake, Willard Heber Wilde succeeded Charles R. Jones address same. Gooding ward, Blaine stake, George E. Jenkins succeeded Jesse F. Cooper, address same.

New Branches and Presiding Elders.—Boulder branch, Garfield stake, Claude Vincent, presiding elder, address Boulder, Utah. Lawrence Ward, Emery stake disorganized and organized into dependent branch of Huntington ward.



*A reception was tendered George H. Brimhall*, retiring president of the Brigham Young University, Provo, May 26, and it is spoken of as the most brilliant function in the history of that institute of learning. Hundreds of friends, many from distant parts of the state, were in attendance.

At the close of the reception a parade under the direction of Professor E. H. Eastmond was formed at the head of which were the national and school colors and the Brigham Young University band. Following this was a beautiful floral tribute in the form of a Y from the junior high school. A living basket of flowers from the training school preceded the living Y made up of high school and college girls. Next in the line of march were the high school students, the tribute Y float from the college, following which came former teachers, alumni, Relief Society workers, faculty members, the president and his escorts of honor. At the tabernacle grounds the marchers formed in a double column through which President Brimhall accompanied by President Heber J. Grant, President T. N. Taylor, President-elect Franklin S. Harris, and other distinguished friends of the president, marched into the tabernacle.

On the speakers' stand besides President Brimhall were President Heber J. Grant, Dr. Richard R. Lyman, President-elect Franklin S. Harris, Former Superintendent Horace S. Cummings, Superintendent E. S. Hinckley, President, T. N. Taylor, President J. William Knight, President J. R. Murdock, President Stephen L. Chipman, Patriarch Joseph B. Keeler, Superintendent Aldous H. Dixon, Mrs. Susa Young Gates, Mrs. Zina Young Card and Mrs. George H. Brimhall.

All the speakers paid glowing tributes to the excellent services and personal qualities of the president. President Heber J. Grant, who had come all the way from California to attend the exercises, said, in part:

"I have always admired President Brimhall's constant, persistent effort. I know of nothing that shows more genuine greatness than for a man, who for some cause or another must retire from his position, to give his unqualified support to his successor." Among the tokens of love and esteem presented to President Brimhall were a gold watch and chain, on behalf of the Alumni association; the school colors in silk by the present student body; and a signet ring, by citizens of Spanish Fork, his home town.

*Pueblo, Colorado was swept by flood*, June 4, the most disastrous in the history of the West. The business district was practically wiped out, about thirty business buildings being totally destroyed. The damage alone is estimated at \$15,000,000, and hundreds of lives were lost. The first warning came shortly after 5 p. m. in telephone messages, which said that dams near Portland were threatened and the water in the Arkansas river had risen dangerously at Wetmore, Portland and Florence. The fire department siren sounded a fifteen-minute flood warning, but people were slow to leave their homes and many refused. One woman, dragged from her home before the flood-crest reached the bottoms, crawled under the house and refused to come out. On the crest of the flood which turned from the river into Fourth street was carried a two-story house. Scores of people were caught as the flood entered Main street, flowing south into Union avenue. Within two hours the entire wholesale district and a greater part of the business district were flooded with water ten feet deep. Several persons were rescued from a candy factory, swimming through the flood with the aid of ropes thrown by city firemen. Many business houses and residences were set afire by burning timber floating from a flaming lumber yard. Boy Scouts rescued George King and his son, Francis, from one building in boats. Southbound Denver & Rio Grande railroad train No. 3 was swept into the river. Most of the passengers

have been accounted for, climbing to the roof of the cars and making their way to the Nuckolls packing company. Missouri Pacific train No. 14, also was toppled into the stream and most of the passengers on this train also made their way to the Nuckolls Packing Company. From other parts of Colorado have also come reports of destructive inundations. At midnight, June 5, the Platte river went over its banks and flooded several blocks in the west side district of Denver. Two hundred residences in Los Animas were under water June 5. The people of Syracuse, Kansas, were warned to flee to the hills. Food, tents, blankets, etc., left Salt Lake City in a special railroad car, June 5, for the relief of flood sufferers. The Commercial Club arranged for a liberal supply of milk for babies. There were 3,600 cases in the first consignment. Measures for the relief of the sufferers and the reconstruction of the devastated districts have been taken promptly under the direction of the Red Cross, and other organizations, in response to appeals for aid issued by President Harding and Governor Shoup.

### Lives Saved by Boy Scouts

July 19, 1920, a group of boys were swimming in the Bear River at a point about a mile and a quarter east of Evanston, Wyoming. Part of these boys were Scouts and part were not. The boys were swimming and enjoying themselves when one of the smallest boys in the group, William Rosenthal, age eleven years, who couldn't swim, got out so far that he couldn't touch the bottom and the current began to take him down. He shouted "Help!" His brother, Sam Rosenthal, age fifteen, who was and still is a member of Evanston Troop No. 2, Boy Scouts of America, was the nearest to the place where William went down. Sam plunged in that direction and William came up directly under Sam and got a hold around his neck. Sam became frightened and seemingly helpless and he shouted for help. Robert P. Zemp was, at the time Sam shouted, nearly to the spot where the two brothers were struggling for their lives. Robert approached William from the back and by putting his arm around the neck and taking hold of William's chin with his right hand, he then hit William with his closed left fist. The blow seemed to sort of stun William; anyway, he relaxed his hold so that Sam was able to break away and swim to shore. Robert then swam to shore with William and in a few minutes William was feeling all right except for having swallowed so much water that he felt sick at the stomach. Robert P. Zemp was, at the time he saved William Rosenthal's life, sixteen years old and a 2nd class scout of the same troop.—*J. I. Williams*, Scoutmaster Troop No. 2, No. 54668, expires, February, 1922.

Erwin Hardy of Oakley, Idaho, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hardy, received a serious skull fracture when he fell from a cliff in the mountains near the Day ranch, south of Oakley, on Saturday, May 14, 1921. Maeser Day had gone to the ranch to look after some live stock and young Erwin Hardy accompanied him. They were out sight-seeing when the accident occurred. Erwin was rolling stones from a cliff when he fell to the sharp rocks below, making a gash in his head the entire length of his forehead. Maeser, who is 17 or 18 years of age, employed first aid which he learned as a boy scout, and carried Erwin to camp, a mile distant, and there bandaged the wounds. All this time Erwin was in an unconscious condition. The boys were alone, night was at hand. Day decided that assistance must be found at once, so he caught his horse and rode to the Ellison ranch where Erwin Hardy was taken about midnight and received further attention. He is now getting along very well. His life was saved, undoubtedly due to the prompt and efficient first-aid given him by his companion, Maser Day. The above information is sent the *Improvement Era* by Rosel H. Hale, deputy scout commissioner of Cassia stake, Idaho.

"The missionaries of this Conference feel very much indebted to the *Improvement Era* for the splendid reading matter furnished each month. We denominate the *Era* the "Home Magazine," for we feel that it should be in the home of every Latter-day Saint. We endeavor to encourage the Saints in our visiting among them of the value of the *Era* which has an uplifting influence in the home, for it reaches every member of the family."—*Wilford W. Richards*, President of the San Francisco conference.

"We appreciate very much the *Era* in the mission field. Our elders read it from cover to cover with considerable interest. We are anxious to do anything we can to assist in the good work this Magazine is doing. With every good wish for the success of the *Era*." *Wilford W. Richards*, Conference President, San Francisco, California.

*John T. Caley*, President of the M. I. A. of the Victorian conference, Melbourne, Australia, in sending in a list of ten subscriptions to the *Era*, writes under of March 28: "We of the Victorian conference of the Church always welcome the arrival of the *Era* which provides us with much information and enlightenment and food for thought contained therein. We wish you a larger list of subscribers and success, and hope to forward more subscriptions in the near future."

## Improvement Era, July, 1921

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